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Vol. LVII.
1511.

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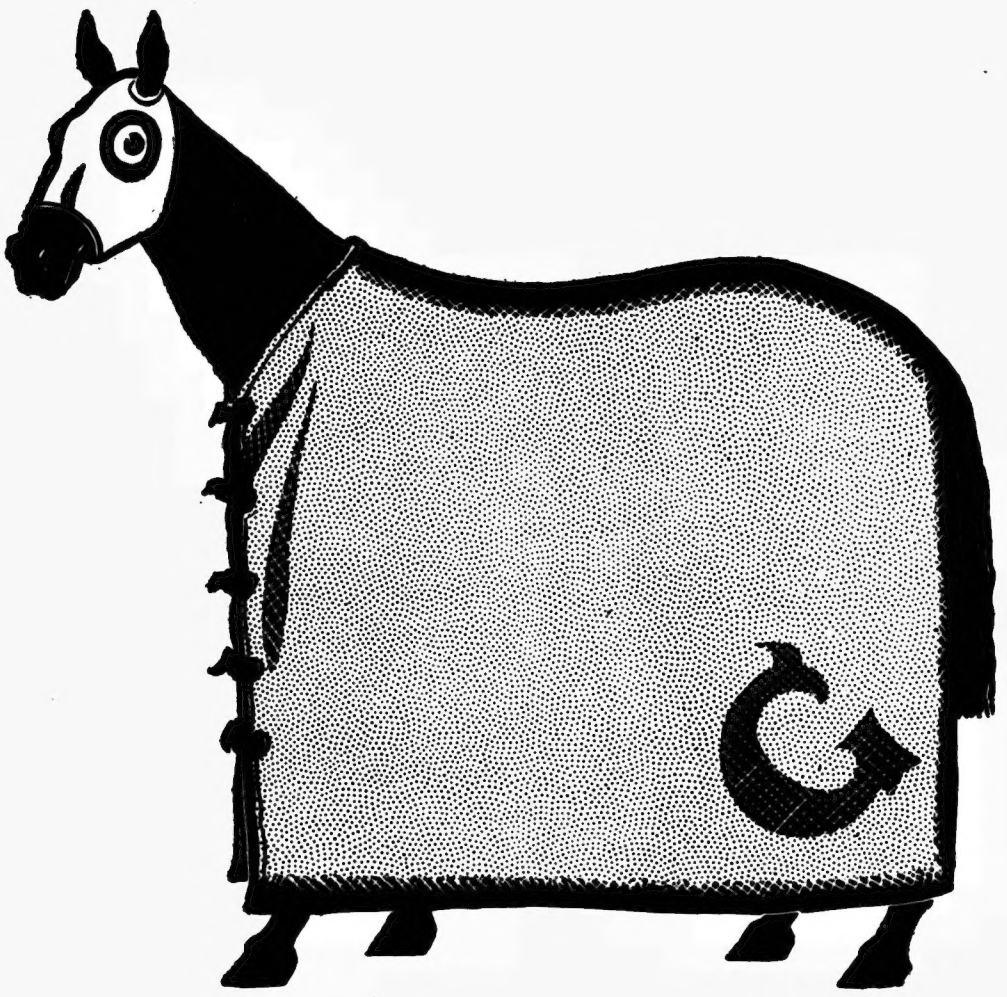
JOHN BULL



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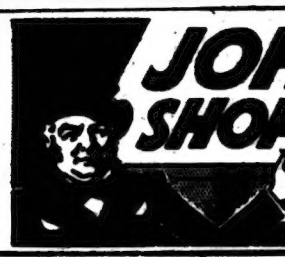

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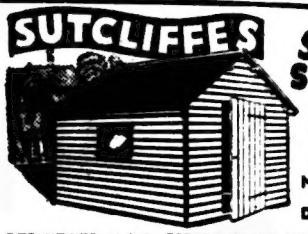

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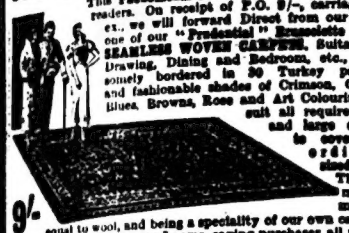

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Telegrams: Heroically, London.

CHILDREN MUST *Starve* FIRST . .

OF all the many instances of administrative short-sightedness, of petty meanness and indifference to public feeling with which the present Government has marked its career, the prime example is now to hand in a Circular issued recently by the ard of Education.

It is called Circular 1437. And already it has lled forth a storm of indignant protest from hool medical officers all over the country, and open defiance from some of the more enlightd Councils to whom it has been sent.

Briefly, Circular 1437 wipes out the standard llowed by most local authorities who have given e meals to necessitous schoolchildren since the ssing of the 1921 Education Act. That standard nply laid down that where the Council was tisfied that parents had insufficient money to d the child properly, then free meals could be ovided.

Parents could apply for the free grant of als to their children, and teachers under whom e children came in for daily observation could commend it.

This Circular, however, says that this practice ust stop. The system of selection of children free meals, says the Board, must be a medical ection. It adds that only those children should selected in whom signs of malnutrition appear, owever slight." "Experience suggests," it ncludes, "that there should be no serious diffty in detecting such cases."

For crass and pompous inhumanity that last rase would be hard to beat. It is also proundly wrong in fact. The British Medical sociation has recently given the lie to it in a thright statement to the Board of Education.

"The detection of early cases of subnormal trition in clinical examination is extraordinarily difficult," said the Council of the B.M.A. It adds that the very presence of such physical signs may indicate a condition of malnutrition that might have been prevented by giving meals at an earlier stage. It further declares that the onus should not be placed on doctors of termining that fact.

Without Fear or Favour

In plain words, therefore, the B.M.A. has told e Board of Education that it will not assist carrying out this "malnutrition before free eals" plan.

John Bull is glad to note, too, that in other arters, among school medical officers and proessive Councils, this heartless order has eived the treatment it deserves.

A few days ago, in his annual report to the ethwick (Staffs) Council, the schools medical icer, Dr. Hugh Paul, denounced the new attide of the Board of Education as "brutal, inman and barbarous."

In Smethwick, if parents have insufficient oney to provide their children with a proper ount of food, then the children may have a ttle of milk free in the morning and a free nner at midday.

"An attempt was made by the Board of ucation," says Dr. Paul, "to persuade us to odify our scheme of feeding so that children ould not receive free meals until they have been thout food, or with insufficient food, long enough to produce malnutrition. There is nothing in the 1921 Act about a trial period of starvation. There is nothing to suggest that the authority must wait for starvation, 'however slight.'"

"No, my boy, only when you show signs of starvation!"

Dr. Paul scathingly suggests that according to the Board's orders the doctor must say to the children, "You must stop having free meals: you do not need them yet. When you have starved sufficiently to show signs of malnutrition, 'however slight,' then come back for meals.

"You may have meals until the malnutrition is cured, but only till then. After that you must have another trial period of starvation."

He urged the Smethwick Committee to resist "forcibly and vocally" any pressure brought to bear on them to delay feeding necessitous children until after a partial period of starvation.

The Committee, we are glad to see, is behind its doctor to a man. It has passed a decision defying the Board's decree, and declaring that the Committee will continue its present system of deciding what children are in need of free meals and milk.

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Every Council in the country which adopts free meals schemes for its schoolchildren has now received copies of Circular 1437, and in many cases there have followed letters from the Board couched in a threatening vein, and informing these Councils that they have been too generous in their treatment of the children.

It is an extraordinary fact that these letters were going out at the very time that Sir George Newman, then Chief Medical Officer to the Board of Education, was telling the country, in his annual report, that there are already 44,000 schoolchildren malnourished and under-nourished. And that he was warning the Government that the country is not doing "all that is practicable for the nutrition, physical education, nurture and health of the normal child."

Abertillery is one town which has been attacked by the Board because its feeding standards are "too generous." Like many another place in the black areas of Wales, it has had a terrible fight with malnutrition among children through the prolonged unemployment of parents. It feeds 3,500 children at a cost of £7,500 a year. Now the Board has told it that "subnormal nutrition must be the standard of necessitousness." But Abertillery has fought back. It is continuing with its old scheme and nothing more has been said.

Ebbw Vale, Portsmouth, Sheffield and scores of other towns in the industrial Midlands and the North are others who have come in for censure for not waiting till the "children starve first" before feeding them.

Some have retorted that it is already difficult enough to feed deserving children. The Unemployment Assistance Boards deduct money from family relief if children receive meals at school, and so some parents do not ask for it. And the children suffer.

Scores of other Councils who are on the point of adopting free meal schemes may be bullied into adopting this indefensible new standard imposed by the Board.

That is one of the chief dangers. We can rely on most of the Councils like Abertillery and Smethwick, who have had schemes for a long time, to have the courage to defy the new measure.

But there are plenty more Councils who have yet to introduce schemes.

One area in the North, for instance, where there has been widespread unemployment for eight years, only started school meals a few weeks ago—after a deputation had told the Education Committee that children were going to school crying with hunger.

We do not want to see them adopting this order of the Board's, described by one Council as "wrong in law and inhuman in practice."

The Board of Education's own officials interpret this unfortunate document in differing ways. Mr. Ramsbottom, its Parliamentary Secretary, declared in a recent public speech that the Board had no intention that children needing food should have to await a doctor's decision before receiving a free meal or milk. But that is how the Councils interpret the wording of Circular 1437 and the subsequent letters which have been sent them.

It is not a pleasant situation for a Government Department to have its orders defied by the Councils to which they have been addressed.

The Board has made a mistake, a grave mistake. We advise it sincerely to recognise that fact, to take its courage in both hands and withdraw its Circular before the storm now arisen blows it out of existence.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Householders Mobilise to Fight Jerry

AS a direct result of JOHN BULL'S exposure of the great Jerry-building scandal, scores of "householders' associations" are being formed all over the country.

The total number is now nearly 400, and steps are being taken to weld them together in a central organisation which will be able to fight their battles in Parliament and the Courts.

They're telling him

We learned the other day of one association formed on a North London estate which has promptly followed the suggestion we made in a recent article to "write to the Minister of Health about it."

This association comprises about 350 members, and most of them have had shocking treatment from the estate builders who have gulled them into buying their shoddy houses.

Costly repairs

One householder, who paid about £800 for a house quite recently, had to have the whole front taken out and rebuilt—at his own expense. Another who went to shut the window pushed the complete frame out into the garden!

Tired of making fruitless appeals to the builders and to the local council, the association has now sent these cases, and many others, direct to the Ministry of Health.

Official ignorance

That is a plan, we suggest, that all these tenants' and householders' associations should copy.

It should help to cure Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, of the peculiar brand of "judicial ignorance" he has lately been developing with regard to this burning national scandal of the jerrybuilder.

Recently, when JOHN BULL'S disclosures were made part of a motion raised by Lord Strabolgi in the House of Lords, Viscount Gage, the Minister's representative there, said that officially they had no evidence of jerrybuilding activities. He asked for evidence, and hinted that if he got it there would be an official enquiry.

Dodging the issue

A few days ago in the House of Commons—several weeks after the House of Lords debate on our disclosures—Sir Hilton Young pleaded ignorance of any disclosures or any general complaints about shoddy new houses.

He also hedged his promises about an enquiry, saying that he would order it only if he got evidence that *by-laws* were not being enforced.

Both statements are simply not good enough. We want action against Jerry, by-laws or no by-laws. We have abundantly demonstrated how these can be evaded.

And almost every tenant of a rotten new house knows that it is built according to the local by-laws.

Complaints wanted

As to the ignorance, we happen to *know* that the Ministry has had plenty of complaints, whatever Sir Hilton's official knowledge of the matter.

It is now up to the new householders' associations to give Sir Hilton plenty more.

The cases are there—thousands of them. We would like to see the Minister snowed under with them. Let him have them, he has *asked* for them.

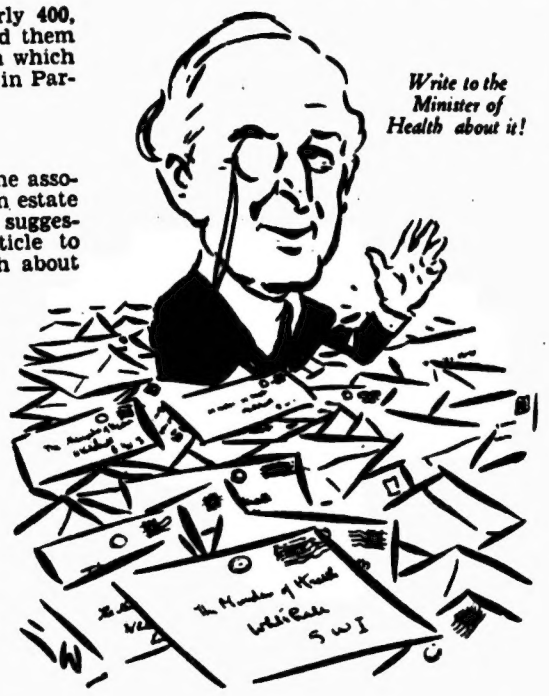
Householders' power

But there is another and important point whereby these new householders' associations have a special power to spur the Minister into action. It is estimated they represent over 250,000 members.

And Sir Hilton cannot be unaware that with a General Election loomir g close, a quarter of a million decent people let down by the Government's failure to protect them against Jerry can make some nasty holes in Government majorities.

Coming—a Dope Ambassador

They Mustn't Corner Tea!



Write to the Minister of Health about it!

New food plot

Keep your eye on tea prices.

Moves are on foot in the London wholesale market to raise them, and they are being helped by the restriction scheme under which the producing countries are reducing their output.

We want no repetition of the great Pepper Plot.

Oil gush

And we expect some wild stories about striking oil in Britain during the next few months. As soon as oil boring and prospecting licences are issued by the Minister of Mines, large-scale work will begin.

Share-pushers are also getting ready to exploit the situation. Investors should consult their brokers or bank managers before swallowing the bait that bucket-shop proprietors are planning to hold out.

Ambassador of dope

Let us wish success to Scotland Yard's drug squad, which is on the watch for a young Englishman believed to be on his way here from the East with a large supply of dope.

We hope he arrives safely—and is as safely put behind prison bars for a very long time.

Our judges have rightly decided that blackmail is "moral murder" and meriting the utmost rigour of the law. Surely the same severity should be meted out to the dope merchants who, by reducing their victims to physical and mental wrecks, are just as guilty of moral murder?

Forceful lesson

In the past they have escaped so lightly as to count the risk worth while.

But a few seven-year sentences, we fancy, would soon persuade the dope pedlars to quit business and deter even the most daring of dope smugglers from journeying across the world to Britain.

Rocket—new style

We wish a quick capture not only to the Scotland Yard watchers but to the railway experts who have their eyes on the world's rail speed record.

That is held at present by the L.N.E.R. at 108 miles an hour. The G.W.R. and L.M.S. are both hoping to raise it to 115 miles an hour.

While sharing their hopes, however, we regret that some of this laudable hustle is not directed to those suburban trains which jolt along about a hundred miles an hour less rapidly.

Still going strong

Stephenson's "Rocket" of a hundred years ago may seem very remote when compared to modern expresses, but quite a lot of season-ticket holders must imagine it is still in service.

More light

As for road traffic, Lord Trenchard is grumbling about the slow progress with the erection of automatic light signals in London. He wants another four hundred road junctions to be equipped, which will save £60,000 a year in police charges.

Certainly many smaller towns have been far more prompt to provide signals than London.

One minor thing still baffles us. Why should a period of many months elapse after lights have been erected before they are switched on?

The long climb home

But it is easy to understand the L.C.C.'s refusal to build ten-story flats as a solution of London's housing problem.

Apart from the high cost involved, there is the welfare of the tenants to be considered.

Lifts might prove dangerous to children. And if only stairs were provided we doubt if a ten-story climb home would be acceptable to men after their day's work or to women after every shopping expedition.

Snub for life-saver

There isn't a hospital of any size in the country that is not saving life with blood transfusions. This invaluable part of their work depends on donors being forthcoming.

Yet at Salford some educational bigwigs have refused a local teacher permission to leave his class to give his blood whenever called on.

No wonder it has aroused such a fuss that it is hardly likely to stand!

We think that a class kept waiting while the teacher saves a life is learning something more important than mathematics.

Too long

We can better appreciate the attitude of a Gateshead councillor towards the lengthy holidays given to scholars and teachers of secondary schools.

He cannot see the equity of giving them sixty-six and a half working days' vacation each year while youngsters attending elementary schools have to be content with three weeks less. Nor can we.

We are also puzzled to know why the authorities there close the schools for five days in Race Week. Is this for the benefit of teachers—or scholars?

Difficult advice

Quite as objectionable is the circular sent by Kent County Council to mothers telling them when to put their children to bed. Its suggestion of 7 p.m. for children aged ten and 9 o'clock for seventeen-year-olds is, as any mother will tell them, just laughable.

Even the sternest of parents, we imagine, would find it difficult to persuade a modern miss of seventeen to say good-night at that early hour.

Youth steps out

Talking of young people, thousands of lads must be envying the two eighteen-year-olds who are in the news just now. One is Gimblett, of Somerset, who made 123 runs when playing for his county for the first time. The other is J. B. Thompson, whose fourth play has been produced in a London theatre and astonishes the critics by its high promise.

Most youths dream of winning fame by hitting centuries or rousing a packed theatre to enthusiasm. But we have a suspicion that if they were given the choice, most would rather change places with Gimblett than Thompson.

The crime of looking

It is unfortunate that a Bank of England official who is interested in motors should have been arrested while looking at some of them in a car park.

Even more unfortunate, in our opinion, is the magisterial remark that if he had not been a man of such high character he might have been convicted.

Social rank, employment—such things are not supposed to be taken into consideration when fixing guilt. Yet they often seem to make a difference to loitering charges.

Making them wait

There is an increasing number of complaints by panel patients of long waits in surgeries—sometimes while private patients slip in by a side entrance.

At Alfreton, Derbyshire, a man said he had to wait for more than two and a half hours.

What it points to is the fact that so many capable young doctors are starving while other medicos have bitten off more than they can chew.

Scandalous camps

A good deal of discussion has been aroused by our recent article on "Hideous Holiday Camps." Naturally members of the East Anglian Holiday Camps Protection Society and other readers are anxious to assure us that the centres in which they are interested are free from the abuses we attacked.

We are glad to hear it, and we should continue to believe that it is a minority rather than the majority of camps which tolerate scandalous conditions.

Cancer sharks

The bogus collector is always with us. Towns in South Wales and the North are being victimised by a gang of rogues who, pretending that they are collecting for the cancer campaign, have already netted a rich haul.

Once again we must advise the public not to give money to street or door-to-door collectors unless satisfactory credentials are produced.

Frauds on the poor

We note with gratification that a rascal named Geoffrey Lionel Crawford, a former missionary, has been sentenced at the Old Bailey to twenty months' hard labour for frauds totalling more than £3,000.

Crawford, who under the name of Allen toured the country swindling well-to-do men, was exposed in JOHN BULL a year ago.

The Fragrant Minute.

JUBILEE SPIRIT

FLOODLIGHTS discontinued, decorations down, drums and bugles silent, in our little town. Holiday is over, Beacon Bonfire out. No one seems excited; not a cheer or shout.

May the Sixth forgotten? No indeed, my friend! Lights and shields and festoons—these may have an end. But the joyful spirit of our Jubilee is growing deeper, stronger—so it seems to me.

Gone widespread depression, gone the sneer and frown. Thankfulness is uppermost in our little town. Now there is a feeling of warmth and joy and cheer. The spirit that rejoices endures from year to year.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

"John Bull" Copyright.

Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers Address letters to her c/o The Editor JOHN BULL.

We SWITCH ON *the* LIGHT!

FOR the first time in the history of this country there is to be held a National Electrical Convention, at Bournemouth, next week, where every section—supply, manufacturing, contracting, and so on—will get together and air their views.

It has taken years of missionary effort to overcome sectional jealousies and bring together a complete gathering. And in view of JOHN BULL's recent series of articles exposing the many-sided scandal of the electricity supply of this country, I think it will be interesting to see what proposals for reform and progress result from this Convention.

There is an old story of a Darby and Joan couple seated by the fireside and presenting an outwardly convincing picture of peace and mutual content. Suddenly Darby leaned forward, picked up the poker and whanged Joan over the head, crying, "You're too fat!"

Anybody who reads the programme of this forthcoming Convention may well be inspired by something of the same resentment. Like Joan, the electricity industry is fat, and it complacently takes full credit to itself for its girth. Like Joan it deserves a good whang over the head.

Three years ago the rate of expansion in the industry was 7.3 per cent. Last year it was 14 per cent. Is that not enough to provide the delegates at Bournemouth with a glow outblazing the local sunshine at its best? What else can the Convention be except an orgy of mutual back-slapping?

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To judge from its agenda that is all it is likely to be.

Take first the burning national question of *a uniform basis of charge and a uniform basis of supply*. JOHN BULL dealt largely with this factor in its campaign—the fantastic muddle of the present situation whereby one home pays so much a unit and another across the road pays half or more again; where houses in one street are supplied at one voltage and neighbouring streets at something totally different and, perhaps, another type of current.

It is not likely that a few days of speechifying and junketing will work the miracle of bringing order out of the present appalling chaos, and there is no indication in the Convention's programme that it seriously means to try. The industry has never, in the course of its sixty years, moved until it was pushed, and the spectacle of its apparent present prosperity is enough to convince it that its "do nothing" policy is sound.

You may look in vain through the Convention programme for any specific proposals to deal with *the development of electrification*—any workable plan to put electricity into those six million homes which, according to Mr. J. M. Kennedy, one of the Electricity Commissioners, are at present without a supply.

Last year Mr. Oliver Stanley, then Minister of Transport, twitted the industry with being the only one in the country *which did not undertake development until a 7 per cent. return was guaranteed*. This was a shrewd hit, especially at the rural supply authorities, who grudge the farmer a supply unless every yard of main is paid for in advance. But even such official criticism slides off the industry like water off a duck's back.

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A few weeks ago the present Minister of Transport told it that the greatest obstacle to the full progress of electricity was the absence of a uniform basis of charge and supply. His plaintive remarks were received with a silence as cold and dense as an Arctic fog.

To millions of homes these are the fundamental points about electricity. The householder

Makers of Power! but their chiefs, who are meeting at Bournemouth next week, should pay more attention to putting it within the reach of millions who want it, but cannot get it.

Plain Words to the Electrical Convention

by AN EXPERT

sees the Grid with its benefits of cheap and abundant electricity in bulk, and he wonders why he cannot enjoy those benefits. He knows now that when production was rationalised by the Grid the job was only half done. There remained to be dealt with those six hundred odd supply undertakings, some good, others bad or indifferent, through whom alone he can tap the cheap "juice" from the Grid.

It would have been a courageous gesture if the Convention had put this thorny question of *reorganisation of distribution* at the head of its programme—some earnest of the readiness of the industry to consider reforms. But we can look in vain for any frank speaking on this subject. Too many feelings would be hurt.

For some time the Ministry of Transport has been examining the question of distribution in secret. Some sort of Bill, it is understood, was drafted to bring order out of chaos by regional organisation.

The Government, however, fears the storm of opposition from vested interests, municipal and joint stock, jealous of their right to serve the public, or otherwise, as *they* think fit. Those vested interests will be well to the front at the Convention.

JOHN BULL, I remember, used the phrase in its series, that the industry is still a pigmy compared with what it can become.

The more electricity sold the cheaper it becomes. The average home (even that which *can* get a supply) uses only 450 units a year, whereas the smallest household with light, cooker and electric iron could easily account for 1,500 units, or more than three times as much.

What will the Convention do about improving the *marketing of electricity?*

The greatest obstacle to progress here and to reforms in other directions is that the industry, young as it is, is largely in the hands of old men. They think of the future more in terms of retirement than of revolution and reforms. No brave new electrical world for them. They are quite content with the old.

I would have liked to have seen a proposal down at the Convention for the superannuation of all chief engineers of sixty years of age. It would have formed a piquant subject for debate. But I won't see it.

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The *sale* of electricity suffers from the simple fact that engineers mostly do this job. It is the exception rather than the rule to find an undertaking which employs a commercial manager in charge of sales. The usual title is "chief engineer and manager." The hand that rocks the switches sells the "juice" as well. In what other enterprise is the man who supervises the technical side of production given the control of marketing? But again, feelings would be hurt if the Convention discussed this matter.

I am not disparaging the engineer when I say this. Selling is simply not his job, he is not trained for it. He has not got the type of mind for it.

All these weird and incomprehensible tariffs, these irritating differences in systems of supply, these harassing restrictions which infuriate users and impede the growth of electricity are the expression of the engineering mind operating in a field to which it is not adapted.

Another result of the engineer complex in the industry is that the commercial staff, where they exist, are relatively despised and underpaid.

I would like to see the Convention give a few hours to discussing sweated labour among electrical salesmen, demonstrators, and canvassers, employed by supply undertakings. Because theirs is a new job they are unorganised, and they can do nothing about it.

The reform of *supply*, so that every home in the country (including those six million homes without any supply at all) can get the same type of electricity on a uniform basis of charge; the creation of a proper selling organisation, so that every one of those homes uses electricity to the utmost—those are the problems which I should like to have seen at the forefront of the Convention.

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This first National Convention has already styled itself the Parliament of the Electrical Industry.

It can justify that title only if it discusses those paramount problems.

Parliament, I would remind the Convention, is not always a mutual admiration society. Occasionally it indulges in plain speaking.

There is still time for some plain speaking at Bournemouth in spite of the mild and evasive character of the Convention's programme. And in the name of those six million lightless homes, and the wasted giant power of the Grid, there is *need* for plenty.

CORRIDOR of

In this gloomy corridor the two women in the case—Wronged Wife and Other Woman—often meet; they cannot avoid each other sometimes. It is here that the real divorce dramas are enacted. . . .

IN a cold, bare-looking passage in which multitudes of people pass and repass all day without an iota of interest in each other, three people talked—apparently, at first glance, so dispassionately that they might have been discussing the weather.

Seeing them, you would have imagined the man and woman whose arms were firmly and affectionately interlocked to be husband and wife, with the other woman perhaps a friend they had met by chance. But watching them a little longer you would have begun to have had your doubts.

You would have noticed, first, a sense of acute strain between the three, as if the nonchalance they showed was achieved by a tremendous effort and was really a veneer spread bravely over their three tortured souls.

And then, when the woman who looked like a casual friend suddenly took a pile of faded letters from her bag and forced them into the disengaged arm of the other woman, who immediately burst into a frenzy of weeping, you would probably have guessed the truth.

Here were the three parties to one of those eternal triangles, beloved of novelists and scenario writers, meeting together for the first time.

They had come together on the very threshold of the Divorce Court. They had halted, not knowing what to say. Then something had burst in the heart of the wife, impelling her to that supreme gesture of despair of placing her husband's love-letters in the hands of the other woman.

To the melting pot

A last supreme effort to soften the heart of her rival—on which she bases a fleeting hope that she may yet be able to withdraw her petition? Perhaps. But, if so, it was doomed to failure.

The weeping woman passed the bundle on quickly to the man who held her arm. "I can't give him up," she sobbed. "I can't—I can't!" The husband held the packet as if it were something that scorched him.

And then, as quickly as Fate decided to move the story on, the wife moved towards one seat and the husband she had lost, with the woman who had won him, to another.

It was in a passage of the Divorce Courts attached to the Law Courts, in the Strand, that this poignant drama was recently enacted. The Corridor of Broken Hearts, it might be called, for every day has its drama there while the Divorce Court sits.

Sixty yards long, with rows of plain, hard-wood forms on either side, it seems to have captured more of the gloom and hopelessness of the Law Courts than all the other miles of passages put together.

There, while the Divorce mill is at work, sit the parties to suits listed to be heard during the day, brought together by Fate into eternal triangles of Wronged Wife, Erring Husband and Other Woman, or Wronged Husband, Erring Wife and Other Man, as the case might be, and waiting in that scrap-heap of worn-out marriages for the call to the melting-pot.

That summons will come when a door they are watching opens and they hear their names called in some such stentorian phrase as "Blank versus Blank and Nameless."

And then at last the hour they have all dreaded . . . the judge, the sea of peering eyes, the relentless exposure of the lies and deceptions of five, ten, fifteen years of married life in as many minutes, and, finally, the hollow, icy words that to one of the parties, at least, usually sound like a pronouncement of doom, the end of everything.

Hour after hour, day after day, it goes on during the sitting of the courts.

Not long ago a boy there worked up such a paroxysm of hate against a counsel whose duty it was to tell the court about the peccadilloes of his father that he had to be himself dragged before the judge and fined for his vengeful threats. Heads have been smitten with umbrellas there, even an article as heavy as a travelling trunk thrown.

But these are such dramas as ordinary police court might kn The dramas of this tragic corri belong more to the heart.

A deserted wife wringing from h rival the promise that she will l after the man who stands betwe them both. Such a thing has b heard there not once but ma times.

'Make her happy'

"The woman in the case" tell a wife who had lost in love's ba where she had gone wrong—giv her a page from her own fairly notebook of life so that she wo never break her heart by los another man. That has been hea too.

And how often, when wife other woman have found themsel compelled to sit within ten or twe yards of each other, has one them forced a picture of her bab *his baby*—into the hands of other?

Two fellow Army officers, wh friendship nothing could cloud u one confessed his love for the oth wife, re-met in that corridor. the wronged husband entered. other officer, who was sitting on of the hard forms, scrambled to

No Fuss, No Bother

WHAT a nation of form-fillers we have become.

Buy or sell a car, become a proud father, invest in a wireless set, seek the vote, appeal against your rates or income-tax assessment—you will find that a buff form awaits you at every turn in life's road.

Small wonder that the average person becomes almost frightened when something goes wrong, dreading the ordeal of questioning that must result.

A Birmingham householder felt that way when his wife fell ill at a time when there were other things to worry him. The doctor said it was measles, throwing the whole family into gloom.

Would she pull through all right? How were they going to face the financial problem that had arisen? What orgy of questioning and form-filling would result if they made application under JOHN BULL'S free insurance scheme, for the help of which they had qualified by signing a simple coupon?

"Signing a simple coupon"—it seems unbelievable in this world of red-tape.

Well, let that man tell you what a surprise he got when our cheque arrived and one of the major problems of the harassed little family was solved:

"I am glad to say it arrived just at the time we needed it most," he writes. "We were quite surprised at the absence of any kind of fuss and bother one usually has under these circumstances.

"Just a letter to JOHN BULL, a paper to return—and then the money. That's what I call service."

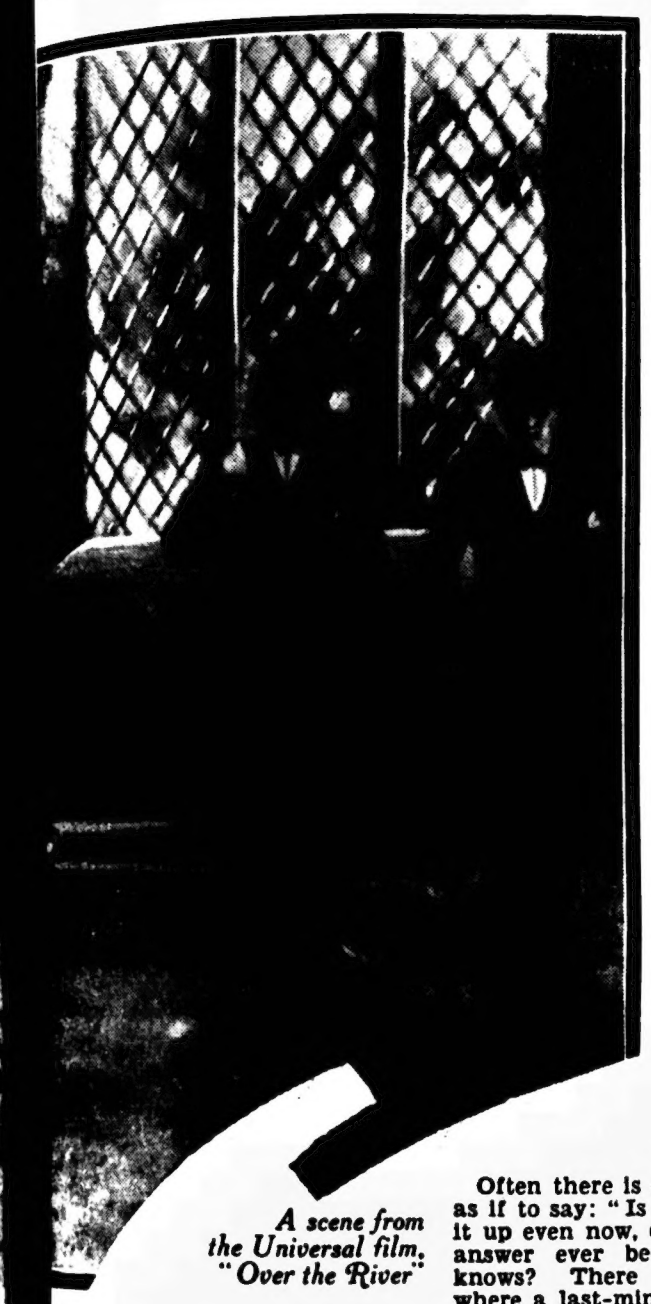
That will show you that when we call our unique free insurance scheme a no-trouble scheme we really mean it.

* * *

And as for the simplicity of qualifying for its help, you can find that out for yourself before your clock has moved forward a minute. Turn to page 42, where the simple coupon that that Birmingham man signed is reprinted for your benefit. Sign it and let us have it next time you pass a pillar-box. That's all you have to do.

And when trouble comes—no one is immune from it—*you* will be acknowledging our timely help with the words: "No bother; no fuss; thank you."

Broken HEARTS



A scene from the Universal film, "Over the River"

eet clumsily and shyly. A jerked ow was the only response on the art of the husband, who at once alked on and sat some distance way.

But the gesture on the part of his d friend was apparently not lost. Changing his mind, he walked over o where the other man was sitting, nd, extending his hand, said: Make her happy, old chap. If ou don't, I'll *never* forgive you."

Contact between the people conerned in a case in that last meetng-place of once-happy brides and ridegrooms is discouraged, of ourse. But is it any wonder that uman nature sometimes makes uch discipline impossible?

There was a time when a wife ho was divorcing her husband oticed, on passing the other oman, that they were both holdng in their hands a copy of the ame novel. As if suddenly inpired, she walked away to a quiet corner, turned hurriedly through the pages of her own copy, and then, going back to where her rival was sitting, said: "I wish you would turn to page 114."

The woman addressed did not look at the passage indicated until no one was looking. Then she read a few words and fainted!

What did it say? Who can guess, except to suppose that it must have put the case of the wronged wife more strongly than the other woman had ever thought possible?

It is almost a daily happening, of course, for husbands and wives to meet face to face. Sometimes their friends hurry them on before more than a look has passed.

Often there is a gesture from one as if to say: "Is it too late to make it up even now, darling?" Has the answer ever been "Yes"? Who knows? There have been cases where a last-minute announcement was made that the parties had become reconciled, and on occasions divorced people have remarried in very quick time. But whether the reconciliation was made just before the door opened and the case was called no one in the Law Courts can say.

Certainly Cupid does not stay away from the Corridor of Broken Hearts, although most of what happens there is none of his business, for when one well-known actress got married it was made known that the man was a stranger whom she met while waiting to be called into the Divorce Court.

One of the saddest figures ever seen in the corridor was a woman who asked an attendant whether there were any facilities for getting her two tiny mites looked after while her case was on.

A question drew the startling information that the two children, who were in London for the first time, and neither of whom was over eight years old, were playing in the Strand.

While arrangements were made to get the children looked after, she told her story. A sum of less than 5s. was all she had got in her purse; in fact, almost all she had in the world.

She had no job, and not even the health and strength to work. And as for friends or relatives, there was nobody in the world who thought sufficiently of her to accompany her to the court.

Yet alone she had pieced together laboriously bit by bit the story of how her worthless husband was trifling with the affections not of one other woman but of many. Alone, knowing that he would never be man enough to support her or the children, she arranged a poor person's divorce. Alone she was to face the world.

The children

But if the good wishes showered on her as she left the court to face a new life with her bairns were of any avail, she is a far happier woman now.

Some of the most painful scenes witnessed just outside the Divorce Court doors occur, naturally, when the custody of a child or of children is at stake. When a man gets the custody of his children, the usual order of the court is for his divorced wife to have the care of them for not more than four times in a year, and the distress of a woman when she anticipates that this course will be followed is often too painful to watch.

But everybody becomes human when a woman is threatened with the loss of her children.

As a semi-hysterical wife moans, "Don't let them take my babies away!" counsel buzz about busily. The husband further down the corridor, becomes the centre of a whispering circle. Obstinacy melts from his face under the thawing influence of one argument after another.

And if the judge sanctions extended access as a proper arrangement, everybody is happy as a rule.

One looks in vain for children in the bare passages in which parties to a divorce await a summons to the court. Thank heaven, one never sees them. Perhaps at that stage they have not yet heard of the trouble.

They believe mother or father is "away." . . .

Hotel witnesses

One grows acclimatised to surprises in this corridor of the Divorce Court. Sisters, rivals in love, have been seen to glare their hate there. Brothers have wanted to spring at each other's throat. There have been co-respondents of seventy-eight and eighty, a rubicund old clergyman surrounded by parishioners assuring him that he couldn't be guilty of anything so dreadful as was alleged against him, and professional co-respondents galore.

Then there is the hotel chambermaid, who must surely hold the record for appearances as a Divorce Court witness. A smiling little creature, the wonder of her life is why everybody picks her hotel and why they should so often be escorted to one of her rooms.

There are more than 40,000 divorced people in Britain. Far more than three-quarters of them have ended their once-happy marriages on the rocks of the Divorce Court in London.

No fewer than 1,357 cases are down for hearing during the present term. And that means, at least when the cases are defended, that in the next few weeks many more husbands and wives will look upon the partners they are leaving for the last time.

There is no place of more tragic "good-byes" than that sixty yards of the Corridor of Broken Hearts!

10,000 SMILES!

See centre pages for full details and your reservation forms for JOHN BULL'S amazing new gift to its readers.

A SHAM MISSION OF MERCY

THE London Evangelistic Destitute Mission, of Rosebery House, 8, Breams Buildings, London, and 36, Mitcham Road, Seven Kings, Essex, is anxious to appoint collectors to raise funds for the furtherance of its good work.

But anyone who may feel tempted to accept its offers of employment, which are surprisingly generous, should think twice before doing so, notwithstanding the high ideals it voices in its printed matter.

* * *

The objects of the Mission are to "relieve the distressed, clothe the naked and feed the hungry, as funds permit."

"Our great work," would-be collectors are informed, "is the giving of free parcels of grocery to poor families all the year round as funds permit."

This phrase, "as funds permit," recurs in several places in the Mission's literature, and the significance will be apparent when we presently discuss the terms on which collectors are enrolled.

"If the applicant is well up in Social Work," one letter runs, "he has the privilege, in addition to house-to-house collecting, to organise concerts, entertainments, flag days, etc., on behalf of the work; also interviewing managers of kinemas and other large places of business in order to take up a collection on behalf of the work."

The somewhat imposing title of London Evangelistic Mission means nothing in particular, and although the Mission's letter heading boasts that its City office is at Rosebery House, Breams Buildings, London, this proves on investigation to be nothing but an accommodation address, for which the princely sum of five shillings a week is paid.

Actually, the only office is a back room in a modest-looking suburban house in Mitcham Road, Seven Kings, Essex.

This is the "headquarters" from which the principal, "Pastor" Hurst, who is not a recognised clergyman of any denomination, has launched his present campaign.

The terms to collectors are a commission of six shillings in the pound on all money obtained, plus two shillings in the pound travelling expenses. What little is left of the balance of twelve shillings, after other overhead expenses have been met, presumably goes to the poor.

One statement of account, based on the figures supplied by Hurst, the General Superintendent of the Mission, shows that of £1,186 received from the charitable public no less than £788 was swallowed up in expenses.

From the figures in this balance-sheet it appears that £397 represents the sum spent during the year in "benevolent work," the exact details of which are not given.

For years past Hurst has pursued his dubious charity-mongering activities, but it is time that his impudent exploitation of the public should be ended.

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You LIVE *what you* PREACH

Hannen Swaffer's *Open Letter to* Julia Varley

DEAR JULIA VARLEY,—Your farewell address to your fellow-women trade unionists, a gathering to which were invited all sorts of young authors and writers in the hope that they would be inspired with your story of early battles, minor triumphs and persistent propaganda, will live long in my memory.

I have already printed elsewhere some of the stories you told—how, for instance, it all began when you, as a small child of five or six, heard your great-grandfather, who had suffered poverty because of his fight as a Chartist, had used the word "democracy," which you did not understand, and how, when you asked him what it meant, he said that you were too young to know then but that, when you learned its meaning later on, you would perhaps "work for the people think for the people, live for the people, for they do not know how to do it themselves."

You made us roar with laughter with the tales of your early canvassing and your first speech made when you were a girl of fourteen and when the audience was only a few kids, a couple of cats and a few passers-by, and the collection came to only threepence-halfpenny.

* * *

Taken down verbatim, your address would have formed a remarkable document. Perhaps you will write it all in a book one day.

"I could never read books myself," you said. "When I wanted to find out the truth about how the workers lived I went out and lived their lives."

So you went on tramp and slept in casual wards. You lived in lodging-houses in London, putting on cheap spectacles and very old clothes every night and sleeping among the vermin which, when you complained to an inspector in the morning, you were accused of bringing in yourself.

The landlady did not know that you, a most respectable-looking woman, standing by the inspector, were "the dirty old cat" who, she said, had slept in the bed the night before and who had brought her own vermin with her! You learned then, you said, that lodging-house inspectors were not all that they were painted, that many of them did their best to perform their duties in most difficult circumstances.

I detected in your long address not one word of class bias or anti-anybody. Yours was the gospel of social service.

Now around you were all sorts of well-known novelists, women of title—the veteran Frances Countess of Warwick among them. Some of them must have realised for the first time that, in some sort of ways, you had been, unknown to them, an English version of Jane Addams, the great American, who had passed on in America only a few hours before.

You spoke with enthusiasm of the rich and titled people who, in the past, had dared to come out on the workers' side when it was unfashionable and difficult, not easy as it is to-day.

As I saw Lady Warwick sitting there, I remembered how, nearly a quarter of a century before, I had heard her speaking with Victor Grayson and Jack Jones in Queen's Hall, pleading for the feeding of school-children, a thing now more or less generally accepted, at least in principle, but then something regarded as—oh, most terrible Socialism!

"It was at Bradford that we first fed the school-children," you said proudly.

Many things began in Bradford. Indeed, all sorts of social reforms which have become Acts of Parliament were, not many years ago, the dreams that had to be advocated and fought for in the grim towns of the North.

You have not yet lost your Yorkshire accent nor your working-class speech. Indeed, you are proud of them. And well you may be.

As a mill girl, you came to the House of Commons, lobbying and giving evidence before committees. As a platform speaker, you went on talking in the hard old days, and as a worker, you were one of the most vigorous of them all. Twice you went to jail, for the Cause. Even then you laughed!

And that reminds me. It was not only the titled and the rich who had espoused the cause of the poor to whom you paid tribute.

You spoke too how, when the end of year life came, you knew that you would carry with you the affection and the good wishes of hundreds and hundreds of thousands of unknown people who had worked in very difficult circumstances for the upliftment of the masses and for their unity.

Although much has been done; even to-day, of the 4,000,000 women in insurable occupations, only 750,000 belong to a trade union! The proportion among the men is higher. But even among the men much has yet to be done so that they can be united to fight poverty—yes, and to fight war.

Those unknown workers you spoke about. . . .

I meet them often when I go out lecturing or enquiring into poverty. Many of them have passed away, but many others still go on. They do the patient, unadvertised work of organising, stimulating, canvassing, addressing envelopes. . . .

* * *

The workers who, in the last few weeks, have been remembering, amid their Jubilee cheers, an improvement in the lot of most of them, are sometimes apt to forget what has been done for them in the past by victimised members of their own class.

Many of the greatest reforms ever brought about in this country were due to working-class inspiration, working-class work.

You, a woman who for forty-seven years has been an active trade unionist, are now passing into the autumn of your life. You feel your active work must cease. But whether the older ones stay or have to rest, the work must still go on.

I wonder which of the young women in that room, the other night, determined to join in and to take a part. They came from all classes. But then, one of these days, all classes will unite—to end the iniquities and the inequalities which are the curse of the land. When they do, some of the credit will be yours. For you came out, as an unknown young girl, pleading a gospel when few would listen, in the far-off days. . . .

It is to the pioneers we all owe much And you are one of the finest of them all.

Bless you, Julia. . . .

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

The Hon. J. R. MACDONALD,
Prime Minister

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—I wish every business man could be induced to visit the exhibition organised by the Anti-Noise League, which you are to open on May 31.

For most of the din which fills our streets and workshops is unnecessary and preventable, as the exhibits will plainly prove.

The evils of noise, I am convinced, are realised not only by the medical profession, but a large section of the public. What is wanted is a better understanding of the subject by employers and local authorities.

JOHN BULL.

Sir THOMAS INSKIP,
Attorney-General

DEAR SIR THOMAS,—You plead that the Government can't find time to amend the breach of promise law. Another reason you give is that there is some difference of opinion.

You made the same excuse for not reforming the antiquated divorce law. But the Government found time for passing the Betting Act and for cutting down unemployment pay. There were differences of opinion about those matters, too.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. P. CHAPMAN,
Cranwell, Kent

DEAR SIR,—The other day you found that the frost had ruined your cherry and potato crops. Despondent, you went to your pigs and found that three were missing. They were later found dead on the railway line.

At breakfast you received a letter stating that the county court had granted orders for payment of £94 tithe and £70 costs. Then the bailiffs arrived and seized eight cows and twenty-five pigs!

Farmers may be proverbial grumblers, but you've certainly got cause enough to grumble unceasingly. JOHN BULL.

Mrs. PETHICK-LAWRENCE: "Men set aside honesty and fair play in their dealings with women in public life," you assert. That's as sweeping and silly as saying women never trust each other.—JOHN BULL.

Miss JOYCE WETHERED,
On the High Seas

DEAR JOYCE,—Some American critics are doubting your ability to play their crack male golfers on level terms. In fine, they are hinting that you are not worth the £40 a round and two-fifths of the profits which you are to receive on your tour.

But Gene Sarazen, for one, says he will have to be in peak form to beat you, and every golfer over here is wishing you the best of luck. So let the carpers go hang and play your darndest.

JOHN BULL.

The COUNCILLORS,
Littlehampton

CAUTIOUS ONES,—Ever since 1878 you have been considering the erection of a concert hall. Now you have shelved the matter for yet another twelve months.

Well, people who can't make up their minds in a period of fifty-seven years evidently have little mind to make up.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. T. B. LAYTON,
London Insurance Committee

DEAR SIR,—I am surprised by your protest against the Committee's decision to censure a doctor who wrongly diagnosed a patient's complaint, from which the man died.

You say it is difficult for a medical man to keep up with modern developments, and he cannot be expected to have the training given to young medical students of the present time.

Nonsense! Any doctor can brush up his knowledge by a post-graduate course. Besides, do you seriously suggest that a doctor should be forgiven the most deadly errors just because he qualified in the 'nineties? JOHN BULL.

Dr. PERCY C. HULL,
Cathedral Organist, Hereford

DEAR SIR,—As a judge of musical festivals, you say you don't like criticising tenors, since there are so few of them in this country. "Where are the tenors of Old England?" you ask.

I can tell you. They are working under foreign names on the Continent, where they will, with ordinary good luck, achieve recognition. JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. SHAKESPEARE,
Under-Secretary for Health

DEAR SIR,—Sixteen people may occupy an eight-roomed house under the new Housing Bill, and you explain that how they arrange their accommodation is no business of the State.

"If they all like to sleep in one bed, good luck to them!" you add.

Well, if sixteen persons tried to rest in one bed, they'd need a lot of luck to stop themselves from falling out.

JOHN BULL.

Lord HAILSHAM,
Minister for War

MY LORD,—This summer taxpayers will be allowed to visit the Army at home, instead of being fended off by sentries with fixed bayonets as they have been for generations.

You are following this Navy Week custom so that soldiers and civilians will be able to know and respect each other the better.

Peppery colonels may wonder "what the Army is coming to," but the public that pays the piper is entitled to hear the tune.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. CRICHTON MILLER: "Master's sarcasm more dangerous to children than cane," you say. Best masters rarely use either.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HINCHLEY,
Rainworth, Mansfield

DEAR MADAM,—Technical books, borrowed from the public library, have helped you, a miner's wife, to build your own house—a six-roomed residence of red brick, valued at £600. And now you are building a bungalow.

Still better, you have not neglected your ordinary household duties; you cook and clean as well as ply your skill as architect and builder.

More power to your elbow!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCY MACBETH,
Salford Stipendiary

YOUR WORSHIP,—I agree with your suggestion that it should be made compulsory for motor drivers to receive proper wages.

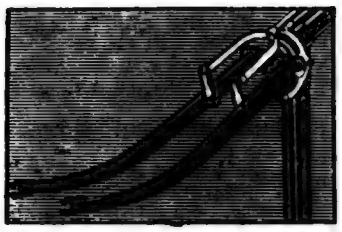
A man who appeared before you had given up his work as a driver because he got only 25s. for his sixty-hour week and could get more on the "dole."

No one can blame him for that.

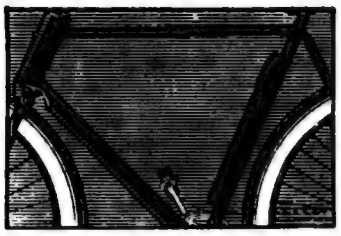
Unfortunately, far too many men receive the same scandalous rate of wages or even less, and it is certainly time the industry was forced to put its house in order.

JOHN BULL.

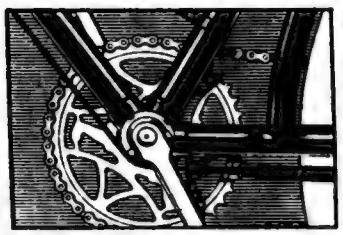
Points that are signposts



The Raleigh fork crown is made of highest quality Sheffield Steel by special plant. The prongs on which the fork blades are set run deeply inside the blade for extra strength. The blades themselves are a special Raleigh design.



The scientific design of the Raleigh frame ensures "less-effort" cycling.



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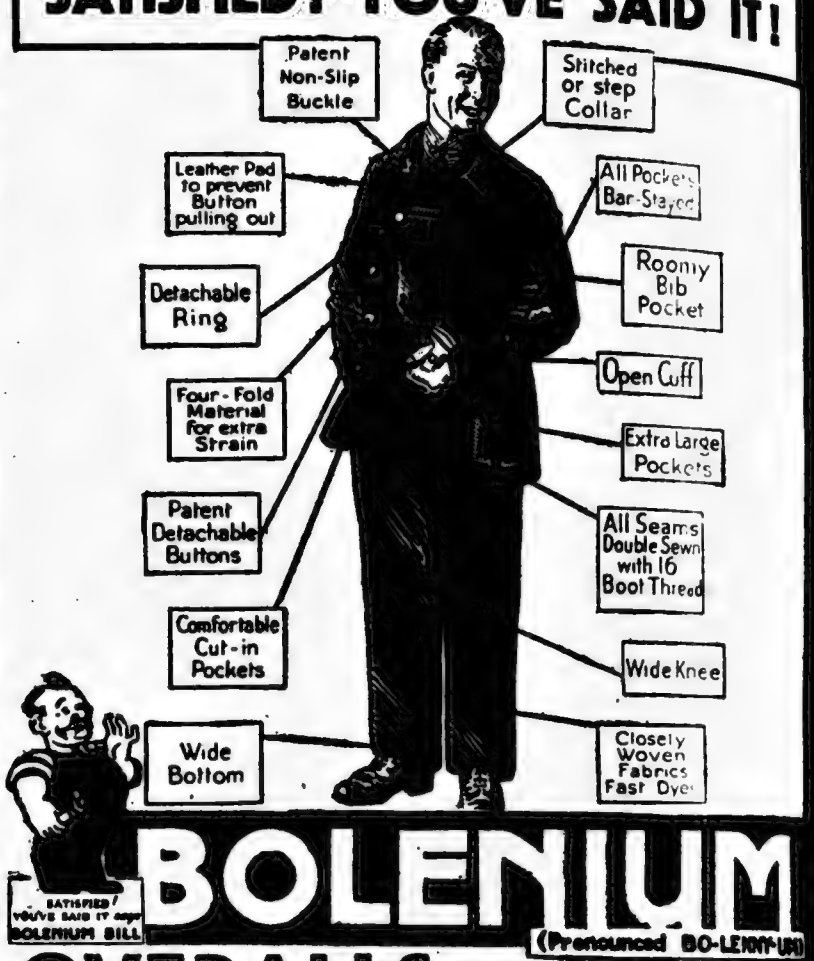

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Otherwise it's AIR WAR!

R.A.F. recruits filling up forms on the day after Mr. Baldwin announced Britain's new air policy. Here is a plan that might stop the Air Race

by A. G. Gardiner

SO, less than a score of years after "the war that was to end war," Europe is openly embarked on a new race in armaments. That is the meaning of what has happened in the past week. We are back to the situation in the Spring and summer of 1914. With this difference. Then the crucial question for us was the sea. To-day it is the air. So swiftly has science, which governs the mechanism of war, shifted the theatre from the land and the sea to the sky above us.

In announcing our decision to treble our air force we have formally entered the race (making wastepaper of Mr. Chamberlain's Budget, by the way). I hate to say it, but I do not think any Government could, in the circumstances, have done otherwise. The only alternative to arming efficiently is not to arm at all.

Could they dare?

There are some people — Canon Donaldson, for example—who suggest that. They think that a great moral gesture by this country, a refusal, at no matter what cost, to have any part in these preparations for world suicide would so strike the imagination of men that all nations—*all*—would lay down their arms.

But is there any conceivable Government that would dare risk such an act of faith? And if there were and the act failed, what would be the position of this country when, as the result of our withdrawal from the stage, Europe burst into flame and the English Channel was the battleground of conflicting navies?

If unilateral disarmament is impossible, then we must accept the alternative thrust upon us by the action of Germany in building an air force which outnumbers ours by three to one. In adopting the principle that we must have an air force equal to that of any potential enemy we cannot be accused of provocation. We are issuing a warning. We are taking the bare precautions that necessity compels us to take.

But while agreeing with Mr. Baldwin and the Government thus far, the matter cannot be left there. The race is not stopped and the drift to war is inevitable. France sets the pace with 1,500 first-line aeroplanes. Germany builds up to the French level. Britain builds up to Germany. France adds 500 'planes. Germany does the same. Britain follows suit.

And so on in a mad spiral of competition, until the breaking strain is reached. Then an untoward incident (like Serajevo) happens, the spark is fired and mobilisation puts the politicians in the background and makes the soldiers masters of the situation. If the tragic sequence is to be stopped, it must be stopped at this stage, before the machine of war has got out of control and while statesmanship can still control events.

What ought this country to do in these precious moments when the issue is in the balance and when human wisdom can still influence human destiny? Let us concentrate on the crucial point —the air. That is where the immediate danger is. If we can quench the fire there we can quench it elsewhere.

Now, on this point I think we may safely assume that Hitler would come to terms. We may assume this not only from his assurance that he is ready to join the Franco-British Air Pact, but from the facts of the German position.

Germany is, in the present circumstances, the most vulnerable country from the air. Whatever her present or prospective strength in the air, she is and will continue to be incomparably inferior to the forces with which she is enveloped and with which, if a collision came, she would have to reckon.

Vulnerable

With France and Britain on her western flank and Russia on her eastern flank (easily accessible by air if not by land), she is appallingly open to attack. She knows this and, having burned her boats with Russia, her supreme interest is to neutralise the air on her western frontier.

This fact dictates the line of policy we should pursue. Hitler will not come into the League and the scheme of collective security—yet. Well, let that wait.

But the Air Pact is another thing. If he will come into that—and the question should be put to him bluntly and at once—we can make a start. We can stop the race. We can agree to limitation at the present scale. And from that, in time, we can proceed to reduction. We shall, in fact, have begun to neutralise the air.

That must be our objective. The outlawry of war in the air is a vital thing. Hitler has put forward proposals for abolishing bombing of civilians, confining bombing to the "battle zone," and so on. Excellent sentiments, but nothing more. At the first blast of war, all such undertakings would be wastepaper. The last war showed us that. When hell is let loose and nations are fighting for their existence, they will stop at nothing. Why should we deceive ourselves? Nothing short of demilitarising the air will get rid of the menace of the air. And all the influence of the Government—in Berlin, in Paris, at Geneva—should be addressed to that end. If we cannot reach that goal, nothing can avert war. If we can reach it, we shall have won the greatest victory for peace that has ever been recorded.

But it is not enough to get the Air Pact and to limit, control and neutralise the fighting planes. We must neutralise, also, the vast, unofficial navies that swim the skies.

Let me explain. There has just appeared from the League of Nations a most illuminating book on the economics of civil aviation. We knew in a general way that the great aeroplane services are run at a loss. Few of us know what a sham these services are, and at what colossal expense to the taxpayers of the different countries they are run.

Cut-throat

Not one of them pays. Holland comes nearest to paying. Our Imperial Airways come within 40 per cent. of paying. In France and Germany the commercial revenue only amounts to a third of the cost. In Italy the passenger pays only a penny in the shilling of the cost. The taxpayer pays the rest. And so on.

The cut-throat competition which is ruining the world reaches its grotesque zenith in this field. And coupled with the cost is the inefficiency of the services. It is proved beyond question that if all these services were pooled under one control, and that if, for commercial aviation purposes, Europe was a single unit, the work would be done better with a third of the present aeroplanes, and that instead of being a burden to the taxpayer, commercial aviation would become a profitable enterprise.

What stands in the way? Our insane nationalisms for one thing. But worse than this is the fact that these commercial fleets are potential instruments of war. Every machine that can fly can drop a bomb, and behind the fighting planes of every country is this host of convertible aircraft that can come into action in an emergency.

A sensation

The remedy is obvious. It is to internationalise civil aviation, to bring it into one cartel, as it were, to make Europe a single system of service, controlled by a body representing all interests concerned, and so to remove any possibility of its being used for military purposes.

If the Government believes in the outlawry of war in the air, it must throw all its weight into the task of internationalising civil aviation. Let it confront the Powers with a scheme to that end. It will be the most sensational blow it has struck for peace. And who can say that it would not succeed?

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

GREATEST of Nature's works is Man,
Most wondrous of her wonders!
On this point poets are agreed;
Yet Man for clothes long felt a need,
For hiding Nature's blunders!

In Eden, Eve and Adam, too,
Both claimed a fig-leaf ration;
More garments later comers wore,
But now to leave off more and more
Would seem to be the fashion.

With hoseless hussies, hatless youths
On all sides, in the distance
One sees the time when some won't earn
Even that for which these others yearn,
To wit, a bare existence!

Even the maddest of hatters was not more distressed by the cult of male hatlessness than stocking manufacturers now are by the growing army of lovelies addicted to (bare) leg theory.

The no-stocking habit, according to Mr. Thomas Levy, M.P., is playing havoc with the hosiery trade, and he appeals to girls and women to abandon, a craze which strikes at the heart of a great industry."

And what Mr. Levy urges in the interests of industry, Sir William Reid Dick, the sculptor, agrees with in the name of art. "A silk stocking," he says, "improves the leg enormously, giving it a firmer, more shapely appearance, and defining the lines more clearly."

Yet another reason for abandoning this new "skin game" is that stockings are useful in covering a multitude of shins which should never be exposed to public view.

Whether fashion ordains that skirts shall be wedded to the ankle or grants her votaries a decree knees-high, the silken sheen of a stocking artfully conceals many of Nature's defects. For few are qualified, on æsthetic grounds, to practise a cult of semi-nudism.

The age of chivalry knew what it was about when it insisted upon its heroes appearing in the guise of tinned meat, for many a knight in shining armour might have proved a bitter disappointment in the mediæval equivalent to a neck-to-nothing bathing suit.

Despite talk of the ugliness of modern wearing apparel, a citizen who passes for a presentable figure in a bowler hat, sac suit and cylindrical trousers is apt to become a figure of fun when he attends a fancy dress ball as a Roman gladiator.

A kilt craze among men would be all that was knock-kneedful to disillusion many an adoring female. Similarly, the no-stocking craze may provide many a young male with an antidote to calf love.

Shapely and trim
Is the lower limb
Of the female of the clan,
When, in silken hose,
On her way she goes,
Ensnaring the heart of man.

But she will not ensnare
With a leg that is bare,
For its charm is reduced by half;
There is not the same fun
For a prodigal son
In an unclad fatted calf.

No more at your feet,
Though your figure be neat,
Will he cast his heart away;
For he very soon knows
That the dear little toes
Of your nice little feet are clay!

The New Nudism

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS. Cochrane & Sons help you to make money. Ladies' Pure Silk Hose, famous make, 12/9 doz.; sell at 1/6 pr. Gent's Heather Mixture Hose, 3/6 doz.; sell at 6d pr. Ladies' O.S. Interlock Vests, 8/9 doz.; sell at 1/3 each. Hundreds of other bargains. Come and see us or write for Free Catalogue. — Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

FREE ILLUS. PRICE LIST to dealers and beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (wholesale only).—LEVY BROS., Dept. A., 39, Houndsditch LONDON, E.C.3.

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A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY for Credit Traders, Shopkeepers and Beginners. Send for free Illus. Catlgs of Household, Fashion and Fancy Goods.—Dept. J.B., THE HOUNDSDITCH WAREHOUSE CO., LTD., Houndsditch, E.C.3.

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SUMMER WEAR FENTS. FEST MAKE-UP IN TRADE LIST FREE. REMNANT HOUSE, Taylor St., ACCRINGTON.

For Free Gifts and Bargains, see John Bull's "Shop Window," pages 2 and 3.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

£5 CASH BONUS & Half Profit. Either Sex, anywhere, selling 1/- lines. Free samps. Write for partics. Letherbee, Broad St. Chams., Bath, Som.

SOMETHING really new in Clubs! The "Sixit" Club is different. At last, just what club organisers and members have been waiting for—a club that is complete in six weeks. Why wait twenty weeks for your turn? Two prices only, 3/- and 6/-. 10/- goods for 6/- and 5/- goods for 3/-. Everything to wear. Useful things for the home. Big commission and postage. Most wonderful variety of goods ever gathered in one catalogue at such low prices. Send P.C. NOW for newly issued catalogue. GEO. DAY, LTD. (Dept. 2), 29, ALTRINCHAM STREET, MANCHESTER, 1.

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TEA AGENTS Make Money. Why? Because everyone wants what they sell. Let us start you in this money-making business. You don't need experience. We send you everything free, ready for you to start NOW! (See advt. of Ceylon Tea Co. on page 2.)

HOW DO YOU spend your spare time? Let it bring you a regular weekly income. Read announcement of Ambler, Price & Cole, Ltd., centre of page 3.

End Your Search for Bargains—see John Bull's "Shop Window"—pages 2 and 3.

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GET THAT Garden Shed from Thorn's. Any size or type on easy terms. Send for the Free Book offered in Thorn's advt., foot of page 2.

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- LATEST WEST-END CUT
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WRITE OR CALL for London's Latest Fashion Booklet and FREE PATTERNS (stating whether Ladies' or Gent's) of Worsteds, Serges, Saxony Tweeds, Sports Tweeds, Flannels, etc.

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MONEY-MAKING by Post is the ideal System of modern business. Fascinating, easy, shows big profits and gives immediate chance to everyone to become his own boss. The Hand system, which cost Charles Hand, the Mail Order expert, thousands of pounds, is yours complete for 21/- (by easy payments). You can learn all about it by sending for Free Folder to: Chas. Hand, 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. (Mention *John Bull*).

A Real Bargain Store at your door—see John Bull's "Shop Window"—pages 2 and 3.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPER DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

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A 1/- FIRST PAYMENT secures the new AMBRON Easy-fit Corset offered on page 36. Use the coupon when ordering.

WALLPAPERS. — THE BLAKEY MORRIS FAMOUS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE.—Dept. J.B.58, London Rd., SOUTHWARK, S.E.1.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS! You will not regret sending for my wonderful home-made babyclothes outfit. Every garment made from the best materials and correct designs. Advertised and supplied to *John Bull* readers for ten years. To-day's improved layette represents better value than ever. Complete layette at 20/- or Superior set at 42/-, including best flannels and 12/6 qual. shawl. Send 2/- for parcel on appro. MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

BARRY'S, famous mail-order tailors, offer free patterns (both Ladies' and Gent's) and copy of their latest Fashion Booklet in the large advt. on this page. Write for particulars of the Barry service, and mention *John Bull* when sending your application

Get the Bargain-by-post Habit—see John Bull's "Shop Window"—pages 2 and 3.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS from 42/-. 7/- monthly. Banjos, Guitars, Drums, Trumpets, all Accessories, etc. 1935 48-p. cat. free.—Terms, R.A.V. MOND, J.B., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4.

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If You See It in John Bull's "Shop Window"—it's a bargain. Turn to pages 2 and 3.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ARE you suffering from a Cold or Influenza? Cephos, the Harley Street Physician's remedy, will give instant relief. Cannot affect the heart. In powders and tablets. Send p.c. for Free Sample to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.

"INFERIORITY COMPLEX."—If you suffer from Nervousness, Blushing, etc., send for my free book on a simple home cure.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.17), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

FREE to sufferers from hay-fever! Write for 32-page book to International Laboratories Ltd. (Book Dept.), 46, Smedley St., London, S.W.8, enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage. See p. 39.

RUPTURE.—Elastic Trusses and Appliances supplied by the specialist firm. Single 12/6, Double 17/-. Write NOW for Illus. Price List and particulars of Free Truss to C. A. Macleay (J.B.37), 124, St. John's Hill, S.W.11.

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, which banishes Constipation, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to Wrigley Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. L.1), 15, Thames House, S.W.1. See p. 32.

Buying Through John Bull's "Shop Window" means satisfaction or money back.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond St., Lon., W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11. Crates of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10/- or £1 per month. No references required, even from non-householders. Call or write to Dept. M246 for Ladies' Summer Catlg., also Gentlemen's Catlg.—SMARTWEAR, LTD., 263-271, Regent St., Ldn., W.

HAVE YOU LITERARY AMBITIONS? WRITE, R. G. NEVILLE, c/o L.S.D. CO., 45, WOODHOUSE LANE, LEEDS.

WALK ON IODINE and keep fit always. Get a pair of Penn's Iodine Insoles, described in the advertisement centre of page 2.

HAVE you ever spent a holiday at Blackpool? A free guide and full particulars are offered in the advt. on p. 18.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to P. W. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool.

FREE.—A choice of any three of the following "Harlene" gifts: (1) Hair Grower, (2) Cremex Shampoo; (3) Uzon Brilliantine, (4) Wave Setting Lotion; (5) Camomile Golden Hair Wash; and (6) Astol for Grey Hair. Send coupon in advt. on back cover with 4d. stamp for postage for free samples and manual of instructions.

VALUABLE Booklet free. A mine of information on the important subject of teeth is contained in a special booklet, "Long Live the Teeth," which readers who write mentioning *John Bull*, to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 5V), London, E.1, can obtain free and post free without obligation.

SEND for this free Booklet. Prof. A. M. Low has written an interesting treatise, "The Truth about Soap." If you are interested in getting value for your money and in safeguarding health and beauty, write mentioning *John Bull*, to Messrs. Wright, Layman and Umney, Ltd., Dept. YS, 44/50, Southwark St., London, S.E.1, and a copy of the Booklet will be sent you free.

WRITE to Dept. 87/77, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste as offered in the advt. on p. 27. Euthymol keeps teeth clean and kills decay germs.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! If you are, or your child is, addicted to this objectionable and health-endangering habit, send for the free explanatory booklet mentioned in the advt. of Filtex, Ltd., on page 3.

The Week's Best Bargains are in John Bull's "Shop Window." Turn to pages 2 and 3.

Missing Financier Sensation

Kirkwood is here seen crowning the Carnival Queen at a pageant. He took a great interest in local affairs!

IDENTIFIED AS MUCH-WANTED ROGUE

WILLIAM FREDERICK KIRKWOOD, "The Big Man of Kent," who dealt in real estate on a huge scale, and dramatically disappeared a few eks ago from his headquarters in venoaks, has figured quite a lot cently in the Press.

For the circumstances in which he nished were of an unusual nature d made interesting "copy" of a neral character.

But JOHN BULL, after a prolonged in-tigation into Kirkwood's amazing airs, can reveal his true identity and e almost incredible story of his life.

s career has been one of startling and ectacular frauds conceived on a ring scale and carried out periodically most from his boyhood days.

Kirkwood arrived in the Sevenoaks trict about two years ago and very u became a big noise in the district. opened a smart headquarters office ere in the guise of a "Business and surance Broker and Auctioneer," with anches at Bromley, Guildford, Bath, rmouth and elsewhere, and employed fleet of cars to take his agents to ferent parts of the country to cope edily with a business which he said braced a turnover of something like 50,000 a year.

Quick of gait, alert to every detail, th twinkling grey eyes and a smile all, he won confidence on every nd. He literally exuded charm, and joyed the company of many local ople of distinction.

Old-world mansion

He acquired a beautiful old-world man-n called Old Mill House, Ditton, and nverted it into a luxurious home, be-ing a millionaire. Large parties were tertained by him, and he provided eral supplies of champagne, brandy d choice liqueurs for his guests. He d a magnificent cocktail bar, a large ming lounge, and a handsome marble thing-pool which was illuminated at ght with hundreds of fairy lights.

To gratify his vanity, he even issued expensively produced brochure ex-lling the charms of his reconstructed sidence.

He loved slogans. "Kirkwood scours e country for genuine businesses" and The Kirkwood Key is the Key to Your dependence" are two typical ex-mples He took a lively interest in al political affairs, and last summer en crowned the Carnival Queen at a pular festival and pageant, of which was the President, held in aid of the al hospital.

Then, as has been reported elsewhere, s man of great business vanished—iving off secretly one day to some ding-place which still harbours him, spite the fact that enquiries about his ereabouts are numerous.

It is now apparent that he is a mmon cheat who, behind all the amour which surrounded him, ob-ined tens of thousands of pounds from ferent people by fraud during his entful sojourn at Sevenoaks.

But JOHN BULL alone can unmask m and reveal that mammoth ventures the kind he sponsored in Kent have en staged by him for years in almost entical circumstances, with the glitter-g aid of beautiful mansions, bathing-ools, fairy lights, cocktail bars and, of urse, the amazingly confiding and erpowering personality for which irkwood is notorious.

Not long ago he established himself in Glasgow. He was not "William Frederick Kirkwood" then, but chose to pass in the name of "Dmitri Innes." His chief venture at that time had for its main aim the opening of a huge luxury restaurant which was to outrival any of the biggest of its kind in London's West End.

With his usual indomitable effrontery he acquired important premises in the centre of Glasgow and entrusted several local firms with the work of transformation. He engaged a large and highly paid staff, flooded the city with coloured electric signs advertising his epoch-making scheme, gave impressive parties and dances for publicity purposes and made the district hum with the sound of his name.

One shrewd Glasgow business man eventually called his bluff at an unfortunate moment for "Innes," alias Kirkwood, and writs were soon pouring into the offices from people who, as in the Sevenoaks case, had parted with tens of thousands of pounds in credit, goods and money to this handsome and winning company promoter who, in his Scottish exploits, feigned a foreign accent.

Why he did so will be later clear. When the Glasgow police began to take a more than casual interest in his affairs, this remarkable adventurer just wandered calmly out of the district and disappeared. Even many of his large staff of employees were robbed of their life savings before he sped over the border.

Callous betrayal

In tracing his adventurous and sensational wanderings we find that, for a year or two before he arrived in Scotland, he was living, in the name of William Frederick Hector Pinkham, in High Street, Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire. Very similar to the fine residence he so recently vacated at Ditton, his residence there was an old-world house standing in three acres of grounds.

Here Pinkham, otherwise Kirkwood and Innes, maintained an expensive staff, two cars, several horses and ponies, and gave parties of the expensive and brilliant type over which he has a weakness for presiding.

And, in the same sort of callous fashion in which he left his children's governess, servants, chauffeur, gardener, employees, creditors and dupes at Ditton the other day, so, finally, did he desert his luxurious Hoddesdon home.

It was during the time he lived in such style at Hoddesdon that this super-impostor brought off one of the greatest and most impudent ramps of his career. He took magnificent offices in Old Broad Street, London, and posed as a man who possessed a chain of political newspapers which supposedly covered various districts in different parts of the land.

M.P.s duped

With consummate audacity, he even inveigled his way into the confidence of high officials at the Conservative Party headquarters at Westminster, and, through another of his company ventures, tricked various people into parting with substantial sums of money. Some of his victims were Members of Parliament!

He asserted that he was the owner of a hundred of these political organs, and in the space of a few months enriched himself through the medium of heavy loans, post-dated cheques and bills drawn on bankers.

Then the Conservative Party headquarters, and the City of London Police, became interested in his activities, and he just airily wandered out of the office one day. At the same time he vacated his Hoddesdon mansion, leaving heavy bills unpaid, and made tracks for Scotland to get his mammoth luxury restaurant scheme under way!

The reason he feigned a foreign accent, and posed there as a man of alien parentage, was because in the meantime he had discovered that the City of London police had obtained a warrant for his arrest.

If that were all it would be surely more than sufficient to show what a clever and persistent rogue he is. But time and again this astonishing swindler, who is one of the most polished highlights in the criminal world, has repeated stupendous impostures of this kind.

While the police were looking in vain for him to effect his arrest on criminal charges arising out of some of the frauds we have dealt with, he took over another mansion and induced the parents of numerous schoolboys to invest money in a farming and educational establishment he commenced there.

He soon became the "talk of the town." Then one day he vanished to everybody's amazement when he could no longer keep his more persistent creditors at bay.

One of his typical frauds was perpetrated by him, in the alias of Jeffries, from sumptuously furnished offices in the Piccadilly area of London. He then called himself the United Finance Association, Ltd. and, in conjunction with it, ran another swindle which he named the British Loan and Investment Corporation, Ltd. Both were "dud" "moneylending" and "finance" companies, born solely as further aliases for himself, and through the instrumentality of which he duped a large ring of victims of varying sums.

The spider

The field of journalism has often claimed his attention, and in 1925 he blossomed forth as the leading light of a scheme called the Local Traders' Preservation and Development Association. This, as its title suggests, had for its chief object the protection of small local traders against the dangers of the "Store Octopus" and for "the Preservation of Local Trade."

Leaflets this rogue issued in connection with this venture were headed "The Skeleton at the Feast" and "The Spider and the Fly"—both eminently appropriate when he himself finally performed another of the vanishing tricks for which he is now so famous, and left countless small traders, who had parted with fees to him for membership, with nothing but the knowledge that he was in reality a very sinister spider with many skeletons in his cupboard.

So picturesque and active has been his career that a full volume could be devoted to its many phases. When he descended upon London as the small traders' saviour he had only just emerged from Shrewsbury Jail, in which he had served a sentence of three years' penal servitude for frauds in all parts of the country, which included the passing of dishonoured cheques, forgery and the obtaining of various sums of money by fraud.

Even at that time he had become notorious at Margate, Clacton-on-Sea, Shrewsbury, Bridgnorth, Carlisle, Wolverhampton, London and elsewhere, and had served two previous sentences for fraud.

In his earliest days he achieved notoriety by the clever way in which he could obtain jewellery by fraud from diamond merchants; and it is an interesting fact that during his recent Sevenoaks frauds he secured, among other deals of the same kind, valuable uncut diamonds from a Hatton Garden merchant on credit, which he promptly lodged with other "securities" with a bank manager from whom he obtained an advance of over £20,000.

Bearded

A typical instance of his heartlessness was when, after providing his real wife some years ago with a seaside villa and an expensive car, he bade her an affectionate good-bye one morning, as if he were going to his office as usual, and just disappeared once more—never to be seen by her again.

Just as he can with ease become a foreigner in order to conceal his real identity from the police, so is he a master of disguises.

He has worn and shaved off endless moustaches, fattened and slimmed himself, dyed his hair, used other names, and wandered abroad with inspired limps in the pursuit of his criminal calling.

Once, to avoid arrest, he grew a long beard to save himself from being recognised, and he is more than probably doing the same sort of thing at the present time!

There, then, is the story—or, perhaps we should say the fringe of the story—of the missing and absconding "Big Man of Kent."

Let us hope that it will be instrumental in leading, at long last, to his early capture.

It's not Rheumatism but NEURITIS caused by your RADIAL NERVE

YOUR RADIAL NERVE

This picture illustrates the course of the Median and Radial Nerves, which terminate at the finger-tips, and are the most important Nerve System in your arm. When inflamed they cause agonising NEURITIS. A typical example of how Dr. Cassells Tablets for the Nerves banish this crippling complaint is provided in this letter from Mrs. G.W——, of Plaistow. *" . . . I tried innumerable 'cures' which have proved of little or no avail. Then I bought some Dr. Cassells Tablets and to-day I can use my limbs in a normal way and free from excruciating pain."*

Treat your NERVES at once

At first you thought that those occasional twinges of pain were Rheumatism, and you treated them with Rheumatism remedies. But the pain did not stop . . . it got worse, until now it is ceaseless agony. You are worried—frightened. Yet the cure of your trouble is simple enough if you will recognise the real cause of it. That pain is Nature's warning that your NERVES are weak. Your "Rheumatism" is actually an acute nerve pain; it is caused by inflammation of your Radial Nerve, which has brought on severe Neuritis. You can only banish it by restoring your *nerves;* by providing them with the nutrients they urgently need. Act now, for delay may end in complete nervous collapse.

WHY DR. CASSELLS TABLETS CANNOT FAIL

Dr. Cassells are a complete treatment for all Nervous Disorders. Their scientific formula has given rapid relief and lasting benefit in hundreds of thousands of cases, even where all other remedies had failed. They include every tonic and reconstructive element your debilitated system needs; every ingredient plays its powerful part in restoring Nerves, Blood and Digestion to perfect health. Hundreds of grateful letters provide convincing evidence that no sufferer can take Dr. Cassells without remarkable benefit.

Examine this Wonderful Formula

AS NERVE FOODS
there is nothing to equal the combined Glycerophosphates, Hypophosphites and Phosphates. They build up your exhausted nerves. You regain control of them and you will not lose it again.

TO REVITALISE THE NERVES
the very valuable natural vegetable substances Kolae Semina, Caffeine and Theobromine are added. You immediately take a firmer grip of yourself and your outlook is brighter.

TO ENRICH THE BLOOD
always an important thing in all matters relating to the nerves the salts of Iron, Calcium and Manganese are present. Iron alone is not enough. You need Calcium just as much as you need Iron.

FOR THE DIGESTIVE NERVES
certain natural digestives—principally Pepsin—are added. You will find that they have a marvellous strengthening effect and keep you free from all symptoms of Nervous Indigestion.

Index of Nerves

Study this index of nerves and you will realise why nerve weakness has such an influence on your health.

* **YOUR TRIGEMINAL NERVE** is the most important nerve in your head. It causes HEAD PAINS and acute FACIAL NEURALGIA.

* **YOUR BRACHIAL NERVE** comes down the side of the neck and branches down the back. When badly inflamed it causes NEURITIS.

* **YOUR SCIATIC NERVE** runs right down the leg. SHOOTING LEG PAINS and crippling SCIATICA are directly due to it.

* **YOUR GASTRIC NERVES** surround the stomach. When impoverished all the symptoms of Nervous Dyspepsia result.

* **YOUR LUMBAR NERVES** project from both sides of the spinal cord. When debilitated they cause acute BACKACHE and LUMBAGO.

Symptoms of General Nerve Weakness:

INSOMNIA - DEPRESSION - ANÆMIA - MORBID FEARS
DEBILITY - IRRITABILITY - HYSTERIA - BREAKDOWN

Sold Everywhere—

6D., 1/3, 3/- AND 5/-

Fair-Play Offer

Get a 1/3 box from your Chemist. Save the Carton. If not entirely satisfied, send it to the Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be returned.

TO-DAY! Start a Course of DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

BRAND

The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

The Haley Green Isolation Hospital, where the tragic blunder was made

A Baby's Life Sacrificed . .

A CHILD life closed—a devoted mother driven to the limit of distraction—a happy home stricken—yet the whole tragedy AVOIDABLE.

This is one of those disssing human stories from which ises inevitable criticism against hos- al methods and administration; a e at the foot of which can be written e sentence: "It should never have ppened."

The people who suffered so sadly are r. and Mrs. Jennings, of Goodrest venue, Quinton, which is one of the untryside suburbs of Birmingham.

For some years Mr. and Mrs. Jennings ve lived at Quinton with their two ildren: Muriel, now aged eight, the ughter of Mr. Jennings by his first fe: and their baby, John, a fine, althy boy born two years ago.

t happened that in ne way or other the girl uriel was unfortunate ough to contract diph- eria, and as soon as e attack was diagnosed e was taken to the ley Green Isolation spital, an institution the districts of Stour- dge and Halesowen. ere she was placed in special ward for phtheria cases, and s nursed with all per care and atten- n.

With Muriel the illness a normal course, and at the end of weeks she was ready for discharge m hospital. Mrs. Jennings was in- med that Muriel would be able to re- n home on the next Monday, the mmencement of the seventh week. ful preparations were made for her mecoming.

Alarming news

On the Monday Mrs. Jennings tele- ned the hospital to ask what time should call to fetch her step- ughter, and spoke to the Matron, who e this startling information:

A case which turned out to be one of scarlet fever, through an error, had been placed in the diphtheria ward. Muriel Jennings, and other children who were convalescent after diphtheria, had become infected and were down with scarlet fever.

Imagine how Mrs. Jennings felt at the receipt of such alarming news. She was deeply anxious at the thought of Muriel's danger, and angry that such a mistake could have been made at a public hospital.

Complaint was made to the Matron, who was extremely kind and sympathetic, but nothing else could be done. Mr. and Mrs. Jennings had to reconcile themselves to a further long separation from their daughter.

TRAGIC FEVER WARD BLUNDER

Slowly the weeks passed. Little Muriel was very ill, her strength undermined by the ravages of the two attacks. When the child had been in the hospital no less than sixteen weeks, Mrs. Jennings talked with the doctor to try to find out really what was happening. She reports that she was told Muriel was progressing, but still had a rash, and that it would be probably another month before she would be able to leave the institution. Then and there Mrs. Jennings explained that as she had a baby at home, it was essential that Muriel should be absolutely free from all infection before her release.

Bear in mind this important point: *Mrs. Jennings was informed it would be advisable for Muriel to remain in hospital for a further month.*

Yet four days after that conversation Mrs. Jennings received a notice to fetch Muriel the following morning. She was surprised, but naturally considered that everything was in order.

When Mrs. Jennings examined Muriel she found to her horror that the poor child was still covered from head to foot with an unpleasant and painful rash. Thereupon Mrs. Jennings called on her own medical man to take over the treatment of Muriel.

In the excitement of the return home it was impossible to prevent Muriel from meeting her brother John. She did so, for a few moments only, before being segregated in her own bedroom.

Sleepless nights

And now the sequel of heartbreak. Eight days later—the usual incubation period for the disease—baby John was seized with scarlet fever.

Day and night, with scarcely a break for sleep, the mother nursed her baby boy. The doctor did everything that medical skill suggested to stay the course of the illness, but the fight was in vain. Pneumonia supervened, and after a fortnight of suffering the baby died.

When the circumstances of this unhappy case became known in the locality, Mr. and Mrs. Jennings were overwhelmed with letters of sympathy from their neighbours and from people whose names were quite unknown to them. The whole district was moved.

A deputation of mothers called to see Mrs. Jennings to beg her to raise the matter of the hospital. The mothers had lost their faith in this Haley Green Isolation Hospital, which serves an ever-growing area, and to which children must inevitably be taken when they fall before an epidemic of infectious disease.

Beyond all reasonable doubt, John Jennings caught scarlet fever from his sister Muriel after her discharge from the hospital as a patient cured. Muriel was sent forth from the institution when she was still a carrier of infection, and the infection passed from her to the younger child, who died.

Further, Muriel Jennings and other children would never have caught scarlet fever without the original, and lamentable, mistake of admitting a patient later found to have scarlet fever to a ward filled with convalescents from diphtheria.

"It should never have happened." We repeat our statement at the beginning of this article.

Our object is served if, after this publicity, safeguards are taken at Haley Green and all other local isolation hospitals to prevent a tragedy of such a character.

TYRANNY

Homely Wisdom by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

WHEN we hear the word tyrant noways we at once ociate with it the ught of power elly and oppressively used. But the ient Greeks, from whom the word ives, did not regard it as necessarily ring this meaning. To them a tyrant simply a dictator who might use his er well or ill. Some of the tyrants of were good rulers.

The ancient Romans had a custom ich was repeated found useful. In a e of emergency they would elect a tator and invest him with unlimited er until the crisis had passed. More n once an able dictator was the means aving the State, and when he had e his work he resigned his authority retired into private life.

In the hands of unscrupulous men the e of autocratic power was liable to abused and was not relinquished ept under compulsion. One of the atest temptations to which human ure has shown itself liable is that of ineering over one's fellow-creatures. is to-day, as in many previous ages, a e of much suffering.

It is a grievous injury to the human rit; it maims and warps personality. erty misused quickly becomes licence, at its worst it is better than the ial of the right to direct one's own

* * *

Let us hope that in England, notwithding all our waste and muddle, we y ever cherish and retain the inidual freedom and self-determination enjoy. It has been won at great cost might be forfeited through our ceasto be worthy of it.

e Dean Inge rightly says, few if any us could have foreseen fifty years ago one civilised country after another would to-day have reacted against democracy and preferred to knuckle under to brute force wielded by a single master.

But we are no strangers to petty tyranny exercised in every rank and class. There is an old saying, "Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride him to death." It is often observed that a man who has risen from nothing is harder on his former equals than a different sort of chief.

A cringing, crawling nature in the presence of superiors is apt to be exacting and malicious towards subordinates. A mean soul clothed with brief authority takes pleasure in humiliating the more deserving who are less fortunate.

Note how spite, arrayed with official power, will snatch at the opportunity of lowering the self-respect of someone it envies, and how hole-and-corner persecution can make the lot of a decent man or woman intolerable.

* * *

Even in the home the same tendency is but too common. The invalid who has to be waited on day by day may have to put up with hard words and scornful looks, and keep silent about it. Contrariwise, a privileged invalid can all too quickly become an exacting, complaining nuisance who regards every kindness as a right and is not in the least thankful.

The father who provides the good things of life for pampered youngsters who take it all as a matter of course; the elder who fetches and carries for the juniors; the mother who makes herself a doormat for a selfish family—all these are doing harm to those they serve.

Be neither a tyrant nor a slave. Genuine unselfish love will neither seek to crush another's will nor foster another's greed.

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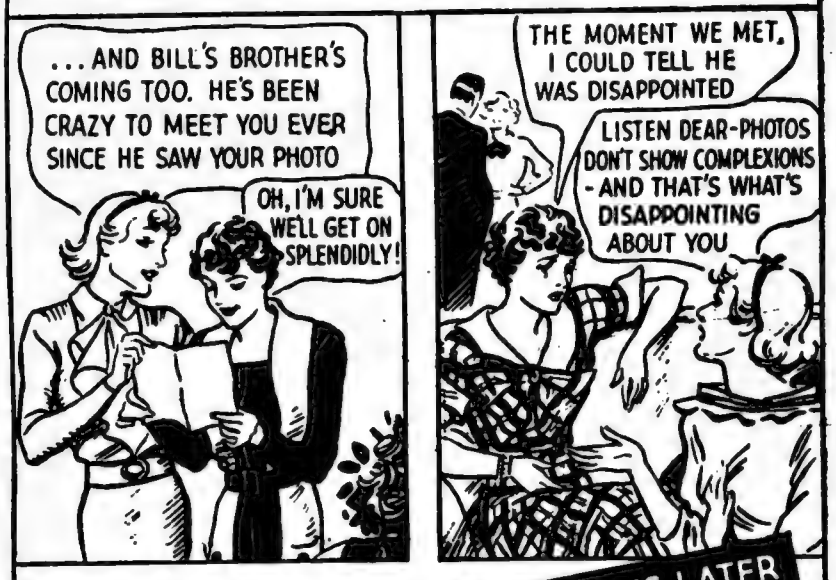
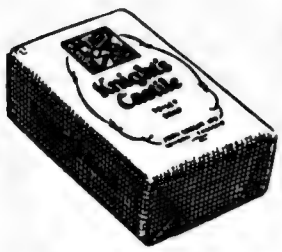
At first he thought she didn't live up to her photograph


...AND BILL'S BROTHER'S COMING TOO. HE'S BEEN CRAZY TO MEET YOU EVER SINCE HE SAW YOUR PHOTO
OH, I'M SURE WE'LL GET ON SPLENDIDLY!
THE MOMENT WE MET, I COULD TELL HE WAS DISAPPOINTED
LISTEN DEAR-PHOTOS DON'T SHOW COMPLEXIONS - AND THAT'S WHAT'S DISAPPOINTING ABOUT YOU
OFFICE LIFE HAS GIVEN YOU TIRED SKIN-THAT'S THE TROUBLE. BUT KNIGHT'S CASTILE WILL PUT THAT RIGHT
3 MONTHS LATER
YOUR PHOTOGRAPH WAS LOVELY, DARLING- BUT YOU'RE LOVELIER STILL

Without a fresh and beautiful complexion no girl can hope to appeal to men. Yet so many of us work and live in stuffy atmospheres which make the skin "tired." That's why it's so important to use Knight's Castile, which feeds the vital beauty glands and stimulates the skin as pure country air does. Specially made for the face, every tablet is a complete beauty treatment in itself—yet it costs only fourpence. Get a tablet to-day, and see how your complexion responds.



Knight's Castile

TOILET SOAP

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1817

KC164-364

"The owner laughed in my husband's face"

"JAMES and I have been married for 17 years. James is the bailiff on a big estate in Hertfordshire. Last year our two elder children were just going to the County School. That costs a good deal, even though they both had scholarships. So James decided to ask for a rise in salary.

What the owner said

"Poor James, he had no luck. The owner just laughed in his face, he told me — hinted that he wasn't worth the salary he was getting already. The worst of it was, James felt that the owner was right. You see, my husband was rather run-down. He felt tired and depressed, and he was worried about his work — he needed an assistant bailiff to help him — a thing his father had never needed.

A brain-wave

"At first I didn't know what to do. But suddenly I remembered that just after our third baby was born, the doctor had put me on to Hall's Wine, and it had made me strong and well very quickly.

"Straight away I bought a bottle of Hall's Wine and started James on it. He said it was delicious. Within a week, he began to walk and hold himself more briskly. He wasn't tired any more when he got home from work. His chief soon noticed his increased energy, and has practically promised him a rise."

Mrs. J. M., Herts.

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic can give you. Hundreds of letters from nurses who were tired or run-down (letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

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Are you one of those people who get tired and run-down in summer? This condition is known as 'Summer Fag' — indoor workers very often suffer this way. Hall's Wine is the recognised tonic for 'Summer Fag.' It pours quick, new strength into your veins. You feel grand, even in the most exhausting weather.

HALL'S WINE

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There's everything at Blackpool—health, pleasure, sport, entertainment, rest and quiet, laughter and happiness. Nowhere else can you get such enjoyable variety—something to suit every mood. There's a magnificent swimming pool, ballrooms, theatres, pavilions, piers, cliff walks, sea-washed beach — quiet places and gay. Decide *now* that you're coming to Blackpool *this* year.

Apply at any L M S Station or Office for full details of Monthly Return Tickets (1st class 1½d. a mile —3rd class 1d. a mile). Express Services to Blackpool from all parts.

Guide and full particulars will be gladly sent by P.W. Foster, Town Hall, Blackpool.

Audacious Mr. Ashton

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

A DEFT COMPANY JUGGLER

IN the past few years I have devoted much time to exposing the activities of Henry Allen Ashton. I had hoped that I might, to a certain extent, have been instrumental in preventing him from fleecing the public, but my postbag shows me that he is more active than ever.

Memories are short, which is my excuse for recapitulating some of the history of an organisation known as Public Flotations, Ltd., which, according to its notepaper, is a "parent company with a share capital of £50,000, with 1,300 agents and representatives in Great Britain," and which boasts a litter of puppies, described as "allied companies"!

"Public Flotations" exists for the purpose of "forming and registering private companies." It certainly does so, and efficiently, and I do not think that its charges are excessive, but the method under which it secures its business is to insinuate in such a way as to leave no shadow of doubt in the minds of its dupes that it will find the necessary capital for the embryo company.

I have never known a case in all the scores I have handled where it has ever found a penny of capital.

The discussions on this point almost invariably take place at an interview, but you may take it for granted that Henry Allen Ashton never guarantees—but merely insinuates.

Real position

The address of Public Flotations is 69, Fleet Street, and it is mentioned that it is opposite the *Daily Telegraph*! The telephone number is Central 7741 (five lines) and the telegraphic address is "Publifloat, Fleet, London."

All this is very impressive, and, indeed, it is intended so to be, but I propose to summarise the real position.

"Public Flotations, Ltd.," was registered as a public company in March, 1929, to acquire the goodwill and assets of the "London Financial Service, Ltd.," with which many of my readers have had unsatisfactory dealings.

At the moment, London Financial Service, Ltd., is in the hands of a receiver, but Public Flotations, Ltd., is in a more affluent condition.

Of its authorised capital of £50,000, up to June 29, 1934, £4,153 5s. had been paid in cash. There were 38 shareholders in June, 1934, and I will only mention the names of a few of them for the benefit of readers who may meet them under other aliases: Allen Ashton, Henry Ashton, Reginald Ashton.

I notice that Henry Ashton, who, on the notepaper is shown as still being a director, was deserted by some of his colleagues.

F. E. Williams, whom I have exposed time and again, cleared out in 1930.

In 1933 the balance-sheet of Public Flotations, Ltd., was distinctly interesting.

It showed, *inter alia*, that there was £119 11s. 2d. in the bank, £4 11s. cash in hand, and £110 calls unpaid.

The most interesting asset, however, is the goodwill of the "Share and Debenture Corporation," which is put at £2,000.

I have mentioned below the fate of that business which was taken over by London Financial Service now in the hands of a Receiver, "Henry Allen Ashton"!

I might mention that in 1929 Henry Allen Ashton appointed himself receiver of London Financial Service, and, according to my records, was still acting as such up to November, 1934, and I cannot pass over the amusing fact that a certain Oreste Pinto, who is described as a "gentleman," of 106, Guildford Street, London, W.C.1, is the possessor of one share.

He has other irons in the fire, however, as, masquerading under the name of "Hilda Ainslie," he was recently running a business at 98-99, Jermyn Street (with a Branch at 107, Fleet Street), which alleges that it possesses special departments (*inter alia*) for company formation—advertising and "publicity."

The Business Names Act, however, compels him to disclose that "Hilda Ainslie" is in fact "Oreste Pinto" of Dutch nationality. If he is not a naturalised Englishman (which I have not bothered to ascertain) it seems to me that it would be just as well if he were to return to his native country.

I will now deal with the status and the value of the allied companies. Most of them are no more than five-shilling business names.

Share and Debenture Corporation: Business: Buying and selling shares and debentures. Address: 143-4, Fleet Street, London. *Sole Proprietor: Henry Allen Ashton.* Notice on the file dated November 26, 1925, shows that the above business was taken over by the London Financial Service, Ltd., of 69, Fleet Street, London.

Sir Wyndham Childs earnestly warns readers against the queer nest of companies here criticised

Capital Investment Guarantee Trust: Business: Underwriting and investment. Address: 143, Fleet Street, London. *Sole proprietor: Henry Allen Ashton* (note address), of "Cowley," Ray Park Road, Maidenhead. Business commenced in December, 1927.

Investors' and Underwriters' Corporation: Business: "To secure a body of investors and underwriters to invest and underwrite in limited liability companies." *Sole proprietor: Henry Allen Ashton,* of "Cowley," Ray Park Road, Maidenhead.

General Investment Syndicate: I have been unable to trace a concern of this name either at the Companies Registry or at the Business Names Registry.

Institute of Finance and Industrial Development: Business: To promote an institute to deal with finance from an academic point of view.

The address is 143, Fleet Street, and the *sole proprietor is Henry Allen Ashton,* who at that time was residing at the Hotel Victoria, Northumberland Avenue, London. Business was commenced in March, 1924.

Poor pup!

There is another little company, however, which does not appear to be of sufficient value to be shown as allied to the great Public Flotations, Ltd. Its name is, or was, London Editorial Service Its business: Press agency. Its address: 143, Fleet Street, and the *sole proprietor Henry Allen Ashton,* of 41, Half Moon Street, London, but history relates that it was sold to Combined Newspapers, Ltd., in March, 1931.

I suppose this poor little puppy was the last to be born and died from want of milk!

Another amusing sidelight on the activities of persons whom I can only describe as a gang of bluffers, is the business of F. E. Williams (whom I have mentioned above) in his capacity as *sole proprietor* of "General News Services."

Address: 93-4, Chancery Lane, London. Business: To distribute news, notes and comments to various newspapers.

I trust I have given sufficient names, addresses and other information to enable readers to avoid Pooh-Bah Ashton's bunch, or, if they become involved with it, to write to me immediately.

There is an amusing finale to this story, in a communication received as I was dictating this article.

There is a reputable company called Public Relations Service at 69, Fleet Street, which is a large building with many offices.

Henry Allen Ashton is extremely annoyed because apparently people who want "Public Flotations" get contact with "Public Relations Service," and vice versa.

Confusion

In consequence, there is some confusion, because Public Relations serve the public and Public Flotations swindles them to the limit of its ability.

Anyway, Henry Allen Ashton states that he is going to make strong representations to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies at Somerset House, as he cannot understand why that official has allowed two such similar names to be incorporated.

I can imagine the reply he will get.

I have just heard of another company which I will add to the "litter." It is known as Company Law Press, Ltd., registered in 1933 "to enter into an agreement" with Henry Allen Ashton, of 69, Fleet Street, to carry on the business of printers, publishers, law and other booksellers.

The paid-up capital in December, 1934, was £4; Sadie Williams held one share, Bert Williams one share, and Henry Allen Ashton, of (note address) "Silvermere," Hythe End, Wraysbury, one share.

The directors are shown as Henry Allen Ashton, and Bert Williams with Sadie Williams (who, in the old days, owned three shares in London Financial Service, now in liquidation) as secretary.

Company Law Press, Ltd., is, at the moment, advertising a "beautiful souvenir edition" of H. A. Ashton's work entitled "1,000 Questions and Answers on Company Law."

Keep this

One final word. Just as this manuscript was going up to the printers I received further information to the effect that Public Flotations, Ltd., has created a debenture dated April 13, 1935, to secure £1,000 charged on the company's property (including uncalled capital) in favour of Henry Allen Ashton, of "Silvermere," Hythe End, Wraysbury, Bucks.

It is, of course, impossible for me to form any opinion as to the assistance which H. A. Ashton has rendered to Public Flotations, Ltd., which has resulted in his now being a creditor of that company to the tune of £1,000.

The result will be that Ashton is the sole debenture holder.

Perhaps some day this organisation may be broken up. In the meantime, to readers who may have ambitions in the direction of forming private companies, I say, read this article and keep it, because Ashton and his associates have as many addresses as there are tents in the camp of a nomadic tribe!

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Sunlight and Darkness

MOMENTS come to everyone when they feel life is insupportable. Worry, care, depression—these are constant companions. When they get on top of us we have let our sense of proportion go awry.

We have lost for the moment the power to assess things at their true values. We have forgotten to think. We can always rise superior to our surroundings if we wish.

"Always the wolves are after us," said someone, "but they cannot get us. We each of us have a flying machine in which we can soar away if they get too close."

We have, in other words, the power of imagination and spiritual awareness which, if we will only exercise them, can always take us away from our immediate surroundings into a future of hope and possibilities.

The East has a marvellous proverb. "Out of the mud," says the Oriental, "comes the lotus flower: out of clay comes gold and diamonds: out of oysters come pearls: brightest silks are spun from a worm: from a dry stick is born flame: and from the jungle comes honey."

There is a wealth of wisdom wrapped up in those simple phrases. Sunlight is only bright by contrast with the darkness. It is in the darkest night that the stars shine brightest. Joy is only comprehensible to those who have known sorrow.

Nothing, in fact, is what it seems. Everything is what we make it. The whole realm of magic lies in the mind of man.

You can have what you want—but you must want it. You must wish it and will it and insist on it coming to pass.

SLE

May W

Bahram, favourite for the Derby, is the perfect racing machine.

A FEATHER - WEIGHT stable boy in a magenta sweater that covers three - fourths of his absurd height is wagging a threatening forefinger at the head of a statuesque horse on Newmarket Heath.

"If you don't wake up, Dozy, I'll—I'll lose my temper," says the diminutive lad to the immobile and unseeing animal.

Dozy seems to be asleep on his feet!

Some more threats and the horse at last blinks himself back to consciousness. But there is a far-away look in his luminous eyes. His dreamy gaze is on something beyond the horizon.

"What is he thinking about now?" asks someone standing by.

"Why," replies the attendant sprite, "he's seeing the Derby winning post and wishing it was all over. Come on for dinners, Dozy!"

A galvanic battery might have been applied to the horse. His ears prick; his tail applauds. He is off with the boy at a swinging trot, each stride of which makes muscle ripple along his beautifully moulded frame. Actually the colt has gone to breakfast, but to Dozy all meals are "dinners." It is the only word in all the English language which has the power to whip him into action from his perpetual slumber.

Laziest ever

You will not find the name of Dozy as such in the list of probable runners for the Derby next Wednesday. It is the irreverent name bestowed by those who tend him upon Bahram, the favourite.

It may not be an elegant name, but it is appropriate. For Bahram must be the laziest thoroughbred that has ever been trained to win a Derby. It is an axiom of the Turf that all truly great horses are lethargic and somnolent when away from the racecourse. If that is so, Bahram must be superlative.

. . . And Bahram, the great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

Thus Omar Khayyam sang requiem for Bahram, the Sasanian king and mighty hunter of Persian legend. Eight hundred years afterwards the poet's lines might well be inscribed over the stable-box of the other Bahram, the Derby favourite of 1935.

Wild asses most certainly would not break his sleep. Only the word "dinners" or the clink of a bit with the suggestion of a race in prospect can do that.

Even in his morning exercise gallops Bahram is sluggish and often moves as if still in a reverie. To those who know him best it causes much amusement when horse-watchers on the Heath interpret his dreamlike progress as a signal that he is weary or not dependable. There would be surprise and apprehension among his stable connections only if Bahram one day suddenly roused himself into vigorous activity at home. It would be unnatural for him if he did so, and a sure symptom that he was disturbed or out of sorts. In his two and a half years of life the animal has never been ill for a moment.

Bahram is a horse of tremendous intelligence. On the training ground he seems to know exactly what his trainer requires, and he gives just what is expected and not an ounce or a yard more.

And so it has always been on the racecourse. There, however, Bahram knows well that he has been called to the sterner business of racing. As soon as he espies the colours of the jockeys' silks he becomes a transformed animal. Nonchalance and sleepiness vanish. Quivering nostrils, body taut, eyes darting so that no incident around or ahead of him will be missed, a forefoot beating the ground, the bloom of health on his coat—the perfect racing machine awaiting the rider's touch on the shoulder that will unloosen him to action.

No one would call him Dozy then. This is the real Bahram, king of the powerful and the fleet, worthy inheritor of a name that through the ages has meant to the Eastern mind the acme of prowess and heroic achievement.

It would be trite to describe Bahram as a distinguished - looking horse, either in repose or action. Both in line and movement he is so exquisite that already eminent painters and sculptors are seeking the privilege of portraying him, whether he wins the Derby or not. His proportions and physique are modest, but his symmetry and bearing are flawless.

Since he was introduced to the racecourse ten months ago, Bahram has never been beaten, and his six victories include the Two Thousand Guineas classic, in which, a few weeks ago, he so thoroughly trounced all the best colts of his age that he made them appear as if standing still when he moved up to pass them. Yet Bahram, even when roused for racing purposes, never produces more of his latent strength and speed than is just needed to win. He seems to measure both the distance and the capabilities of his opponents with uncannily accurate judgment. He comes along just to put his head in front at the critical moment, and as soon as he is past the winning post he draws himself instantly almost to a standstill and goes back to dreamland.

Great "fleet"

Never so far has Bahram needed the flick of a whip or to have had his jockey's pressure applied to him. What will happen in the Derby when his rider, Fred Fox, asks him to take a real grip of the bit? The greatest experts declare that Bahram will then produce such a reserve of stamina and pace that he will virtually run away from his field. But the experts have said that before about other horses who, when the demand was made on them, failed astonishingly to respond. Anyhow, Bahram has never so far refused or been unable to pull out just what is necessary to win.

If Bahram does so next Wednesday no one will grudge his owner, H.H. the Aga Khan, the triumph of a second Derby, which he won last five years ago with Blenheim.

It is known to have been the Aga Khan's ambition for months past to see his horses create the unprecedented record of filling the first three places in this Derby. For that purpose he nominated for the race a fleet of colts, each of which, given suitable conditions and intensively trained for the purpose, would be capable of winning the classic outright. Among them are Hairan and Theft, two glorious thoroughbreds who are affectionately known in their stable as Sausage and Mash.

But Hairan is a wet-weather horse and he has not yet been brought to anything like near full development because of the hardness of the ground. Like Bahram, he has never been sick or sorry since babyhood, and he registers his wellbeing every time anyone goes near him by giving a little kick and a happy whinny. Always his trainer looks for this signal first thing in the morning and unfailingly it is given.

If the Aga Khan and those associated with his training establishment could elect which horse they would prefer to win the Derby with, the choice would be Theft. He is by far the favourite horse of the stable, perhaps because he is so small compared with the better-known giants, but as plucky in heart as the best of them. Small horses have won the Derby, but even Theft's best friends can scarcely hope that he will conquer his stable companions. Being bred by Tetratema, he may be short of the staying power which the Derby course exacts.

It has not been uncommon for the Aga Khan to win important races with the outsider of his party. Indeed, it has become a kind of general rule for him to do so. This happened in the Derby of 1930, and more recently it has been repeated again and again. The reason is that, most properly in the interests of racing as distinct from betting, the Aga Khan will not allow his horses to be tested against each other at home.

If, however, the Aga Khan wins this Derby with a horse other than Bahram, one thing will inevitably follow. There will be a revolution in the rules of betting so that, in future, when an owner runs more than one horse in a race, bets will be made, as on the Continent, not on one, but on all of them. The odds must automatically be less, but the principle is fairer and sounder than the present one of guessing in the dark.

No one certainly deserves to win the Derby again more than the Aga Khan. His contribution to the im-

(*Continued on page 25*)

Off the racecourse, Bahram has only one desire—to slumber. Often he even seems to be asleep and dreaming when exercise.

EPY HORSE THAT WIN the DERBY

provement of the British thoroughbred, and his defence of its standard against foreign challenge, is generally known to have been immense. But few people know exactly what it has been.

In twelve years the Aga Khan has expended £900,000 on breeding and in racing bloodstock in this country, and his return has not been two-thirds of that sum, although there is every indication that his investments will in time produce bigger dividends.

It is true that the swarthy, broad-chested, strong-jawed Oriental potentate has won every race worth winning, and that in five seasons recently he has topped the list of winning owners with stake winnings of not less than £50,000 a year. But against this he has had many costly failures. Three horses alone—Feridoon, Amilcar and Aftab—cost him £42,000 to buy, and none of them has ever earned a penny. Also the Aga Khan, notwithstanding the quality of the animals which he purchases and breeds with scientific acumen, has known what it is to go for months on end without a winner even of a humble race. But he is never discouraged. His perpetual smile is broadest in defeat.

When the public makes one of his horses favourite for a great race, it is never by the inspiration or suggestion of the Aga Khan that they do so. He leaves the business of tipping to the touts and the prophets who are so often confounded. A few days ago he was speaking on the telephone from the Continent to an eminent public man in London. "You have a wonderful lot of horses in the Derby," said the friend. "Tell me, is Bahram really the best?"

"'How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away,'" quoted the Aga Khan. Then he rang off.

Even the Aga Khan's unlimited wealth could not, however, have commanded his success and supremacy on the Turf without the services of the best of trainers. He has one in Mr. Frank Butters, of Fitzroy House, Newmarket. If twenty people were placed in a line, and a person was told that one of them was a great racehorse trainer, the last one he would pick from appearance would be Mr. Butters. Anyone who did not know him and his amazing ability would most likely describe him as a fairly prosperous but somewhat lazy-looking farmer.

Of all trainers, he has, perhaps, most brought the business of training to a science. In his stable of nearly eighty horses, worth probably altogether half a million pounds, every servant must be an expert. The amount of work performed in his office alone every day is equal to that of any big commercial firm. Graphs on the walls tell him at a glance not only the racing engagements but the condition and progress of every horse from month to month and day to day.

He can point with pride to the line that represents the rise of Bahram. It has always moved upwards and nowhere is there a break to show that the sleepy Derby favourite has ever been remiss for a single hour.

In these days just before the Derby, Frank Butters has only one job which annoys him. It is the sifting from his daily post of the stacks of letters, pathetic and cunning, which are sent to him requesting information about his classic candidates.

Here are some samples of them. The first, written from Bristol, reads:—

> I am in a frightful mess. I am in the grip of moneylenders, owe a lot of rent and taxes, and the brokers' men are in the house. Will you please tell me if one of your horses is sure to win the Derby, and which one? I have no money to bet with, but I would be able to get a credit bet and mend my fortunes.

For impudence, this letter from a man of substantial means would be difficult to excel:—

> I have at my command some money which I would willingly invest in the forthcoming Derby if I could be certain which of the horses in your stable is most likely to prove best in the race. Of course, I do not seek the information without thought of recompense. If I win, I undertake to pay not less than five per cent. of the profit to any charity which you care to name.

"Which one?"

A large number of the letters purport to come from elderly, poverty-stricken people or from children. One of the kind is:—

> My poor mum is awfully ill and daddy is out of work. I want to get a doctor for mum so that she will become better, so I am writing to you to ask if it is Bahram or Hairan that is to win. I have a shilling in my money-box, and for mum's sake I will put it on which one you say.

The writer of that missive represents himself to be a boy of thirteen. Actually he is a notorious professional tipster.

Seldom a minute passes without the telephone ringing in either Mr. Butters' office or home. The calls come one after the other from strangers in Britain, on the Continent and America. The word "Bahram" invariably intrudes itself in the first sentence of the messages and from that point the conversation is ended.

Great as the enthusiasm will be if lazy Bahram wins the Derby, there is no mistaking the fact that among the general public the hope has been strong for a long time that Lord Derby, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, would lead in the victor of the Jubilee Derby with Bobsleigh.

Bobsleigh was bounding into fitness, and favouritism, when a trivial incident caused him to go lame and lose five valuable days of training at the most critical period of his preparation. No one knew better then than Mr. Colledge Leader, his trainer, that if Bobsleigh was able to go forward to a Derby triumph, he must be by far the best horse produced in Britain for many a generation.

Can a horse have personality? Bobsleigh has.

He looks what he is or will inevitably prove to be, irrespective of the Derby—a champion of champions. What a contrast he makes to sleepy-eyed Bahram! It is Goliath and David on the Turf, with Goliath endowed with the power of Hercules.

Up a mountain

The critics have scoffed at Bobsleigh because of his size and devouring stride—in a gallop he takes only two strides to any other horse's three. That, they say, will be found to be his weakness on the racecourse when he comes to go down the gradients. Those who so disparage this wonderful horse will be proved wrong when Bobsleigh goes to the starting-gate sound and well. He could gallop up mountains, and he will go down slopes as nimbly and surely without loss of speed as the lightest built horse in any race.

The secret of his power and control is his amazing shoulders—wide and deep and yet so free that from them he can govern his limbs without fear of ever becoming unbalanced or having the rhythm of his movement destroyed.

Bahram gives no more than is sought of him, and thinks only of another cozy snooze when his job is done. But Bobsleigh has always to be most firmly restrained and, when the winning post is passed, he wants to go on and on. No Derby would ever have given a greater thrill to the spectators than this one if it were possible for these two horses to be battling together at the finish.

Women's bid

Two people are also making a bid this year for the Derby to be won by a woman owner for the first time in the history of the race.

One of them is Mrs. J. M. J. Evans, who thirty years ago, as Miss Camille Clifford, the original "Gibson girl," was the toast of London. Her representative is intended to be First Son, which has already won two minor races, and is a descendant of Son-in-Law, none of whose progeny has ever won the Derby. First Son has been heavily backed by the public who search for an outsider, but not at the instigation of his celebrated owner. If the horse went to the post and won she would be the most astonished person in the land.

The other woman competitor is the millionairess, Miss Dorothy Paget, of Golden Miller fame. She has in the race a grey picture-horse named Desert Cloud. He will certainly have his day, but even Miss Paget cannot bring herself to believe that it will be Derby Day.

Meantime, Bahram goes on dozing and dreaming, waiting for the moment when he will be asked to reveal again his true and vital self. Only one thing is certain in this Derby. It is that five minutes after the race and the fuss is over Bahram will be sound asleep in his box.

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GR5

The PRODIGAL FATHER

MANY of my readers must have seen "My Old Dutch," either as a play or a film. They will remember the song made famous by Albert Chevalier, "We've been together now for forty years, and it ain't been a day too much." I wonder how many folk there are in the world who can honestly subscribe to those sentiments? Here is one woman who certainly can't. The letter is sent to me by her daughter, and it reads:

"My parents have been married forty years and my mother has had a terrible existence. My father has left her on several occasions, often without any money and with six children to look after. She has nursed him through accidents caused by his drunkenness and has saved him from all sorts of trouble. We have always hoped that things would improve, but instead they have become worse during the last four years.

"The climax was reached when we had to call in the police, as he threatened to murder mother. We then decided that we could stand it no longer and managed to find rooms elsewhere. My father sold everything in the house and disappeared with the money. We struggled on, and now have got together a happy home, but we have just heard that father is ill and penniless.

"He has told a friend that he is sorry for all he has done, and says that if he had the time to come over again he would act very differently. Do you think we ought to take him back and risk our new-found happiness, or leave him to die a pauper in the workhouse?"

He deserted when he was in his prime. Now, sick and penniless, should they take him back?

My correspondent says her father is sorry for all the trouble he has caused. I hope that repentance is genuine. There are some people who, when overtaken by illness or adversity, glibly express regret for their misdeeds. But when things come right again they conveniently forget all they have promised.

THIS man has behaved abominably for years. From what his daughter tells me, there has not been one redeeming feature in his character. Supposing they take him back again and he reverts to his old habits? All their "new found happiness" would soon be destroyed. That is a risk they can't afford to take. But that does not mean they need "leave him to die a pauper in the workhouse."

A good deal depends, of course, on the extent of his illness. If it is not a serious one, the best thing would be to let him go into a hospital or infirmary until he is better. Then, after a stay in a convalescent home, he should be fit enough to work again. His earnings would enable him to live in lodgings until it can be proved that his conversion is genuine.

If, however, this man's ailment is incurable, the position is more difficult. In that event, I would like to know what my correspondent's mother has to say. After all, she is his wife and has suffered most. Her wishes should be respected.

She may feel that she would like to be with him during his last days. If, in spite of all that is past, she can forgive him, I think my correspondent should also do so.

In the case I have quoted, the child complains about the father. In my next letter the position is reversed. This time the father is worried about his children:

"I have a son of twenty and a daughter aged eighteen. I work in the mines, which, as is well known, is a very insecure and poorly paid occupation. Fortunately by hard work and sacrifice my wife and I have given our children a fair start in life.

"MY son will soon finish his apprenticeship in the electrical industry and my daughter is a shorthand typist. I have always been gifted as a musician and I have received an offer of a good and safe position in the North of England

"If I accept I shall, of course, have to remove from the district, and that will mean our children will either have to give up their present good jobs to come with us or remain behind in lodgings. Another point of deep concern is that after all my wife and I have done for our boy he shows very little appreciation and openly declares that as soon as his wages will keep him he intends to leave home. I should add that I am forty-five years old, and I am anxious not to remain a miner for the rest of my days."

This man, I take it, is satisfied about the payment and prospects of the position offered to him. Is he sure that he can undertake the work and will be happy in it? If so, then he should take the opportunity that has come to him. He is not growing younger and his present work is both insecure and uncongenial to him.

Besides, his children are not toddlers and he and his wife have done their duty nobly by them. They have given them the best education they could afford and have started them out in life in suitable occupations.

If the daughter would like to go with them she could easily obtain a new secretarial post. As for the son—it would, I think, do him good to make him stand on his own feet. Let him "rough it" for a time, and it will teach him to appreciate what his parents have done.

It is possible for parents to make too great a sacrifice for their children. My correspondent and his wife are justified now in considering their own future.

And now for my third letter. Here, again, troublesome relations are at the root of the problem.

"Five years ago," says this correspondent, "my husband and I gave up our home to come and stay with his mother and for the last four years she has been an invalid. Some time ago she made her will, and at her death my husband comes into the ownership of this house. That has made the rest of her family jealous.

"They did nothing but find fault until there was an open quarrel, and since that time they have not visited us. As a result, I have had to nurse the old lady myself, and the strain was so heavy that some time ago I had to have a serious operation. What is more, I can never go out and have my husband's company, as we cannot leave his mother alone.

"I should add that we have three children, who are all at school. Now, what is worrying me is this: In the event of my mother-in-law's death, should I urge my husband to sell the house and share the proceeds with the rest of the family, or are we justified in keeping it for ourselves?"

There is no doubt in my mind as to the course my correspondent should take. She and her husband are perfectly entitled to keep the house for themselves.

I SAY this for two reasons. First, the mother has willed it to them. It is therefore her wish that they should have it. I do not know who drew up the will, but if it has not been drawn up legally by a solicitor, I would strongly urge that this should be done.

That would prevent any unpleasant question arising afterwards either that my correspondent and her husband exercised undue influence or that the old lady was not of sound mind.

The second reason which makes them entitled to the property is this: This woman has sacrificed her home, her time and her health in caring for her mother-in-law. The other members of the family presumably have done little or nothing.

She is therefore entitled to be recompensed just in the same way as a skilled nurse or attendant would require to be paid. Family disagreements are always unpleasant. My correspondent, however, is doing her duty, and she can afford to disregard the rest of the family.

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EASTLEIGH WEEKLY NEWS: — "The latest time of posting at Eastleigh POST Office. . . ."

NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"In Your Garden—Planting Out UNIONS."

NORTH-WESTERN DAILY MAIL: — "A booking clerk, who, while carrying a BOG of money, was suddenly set upon."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"Mr. —— mentioned several occasions when he had BOTTLES of wits with the referee."

THE CHRONICLE, CHESTER: — "He strongly objected to being DISTRIBUTED at five o'clock in the morning by the crowing of cockerels."

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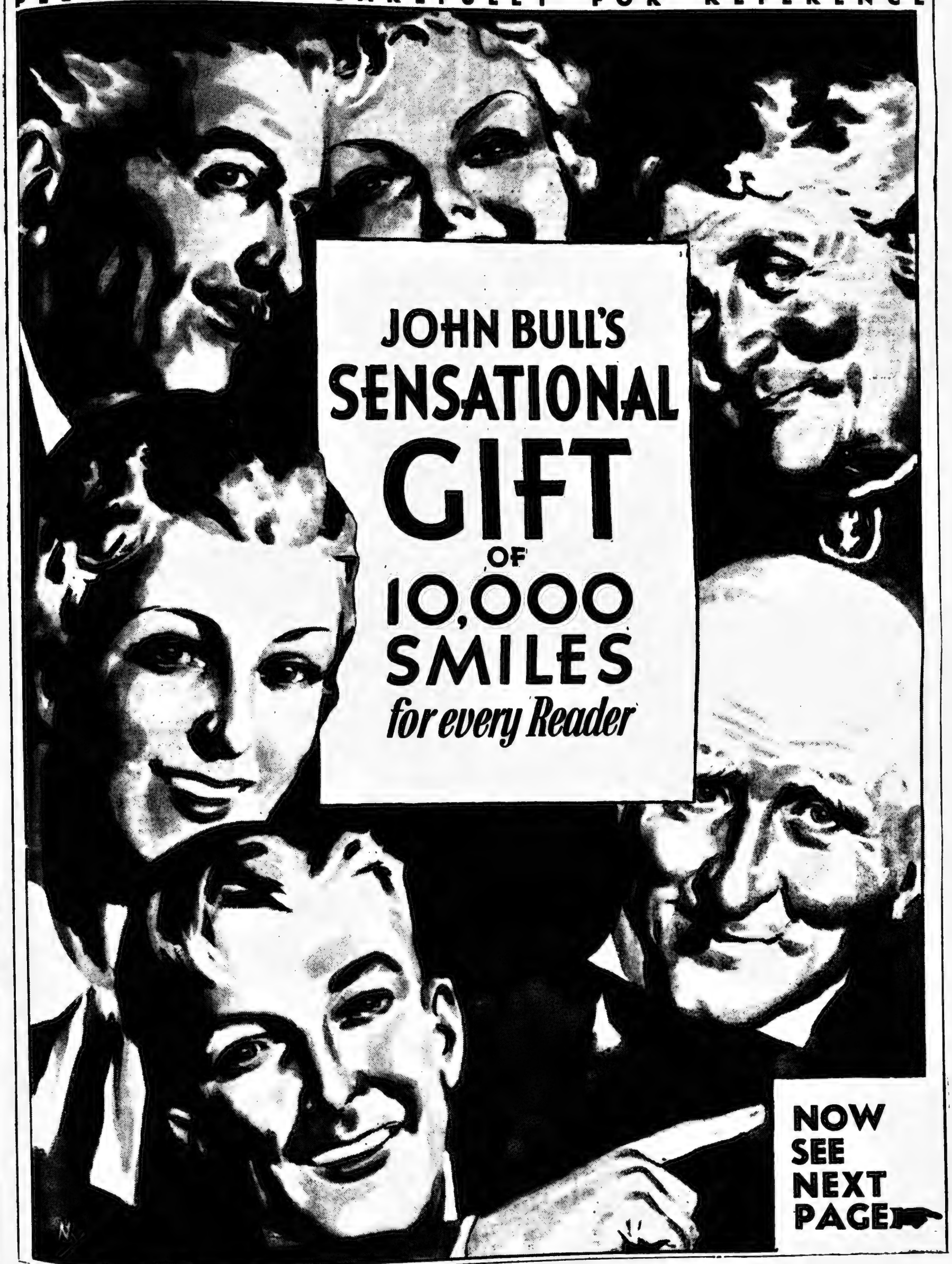

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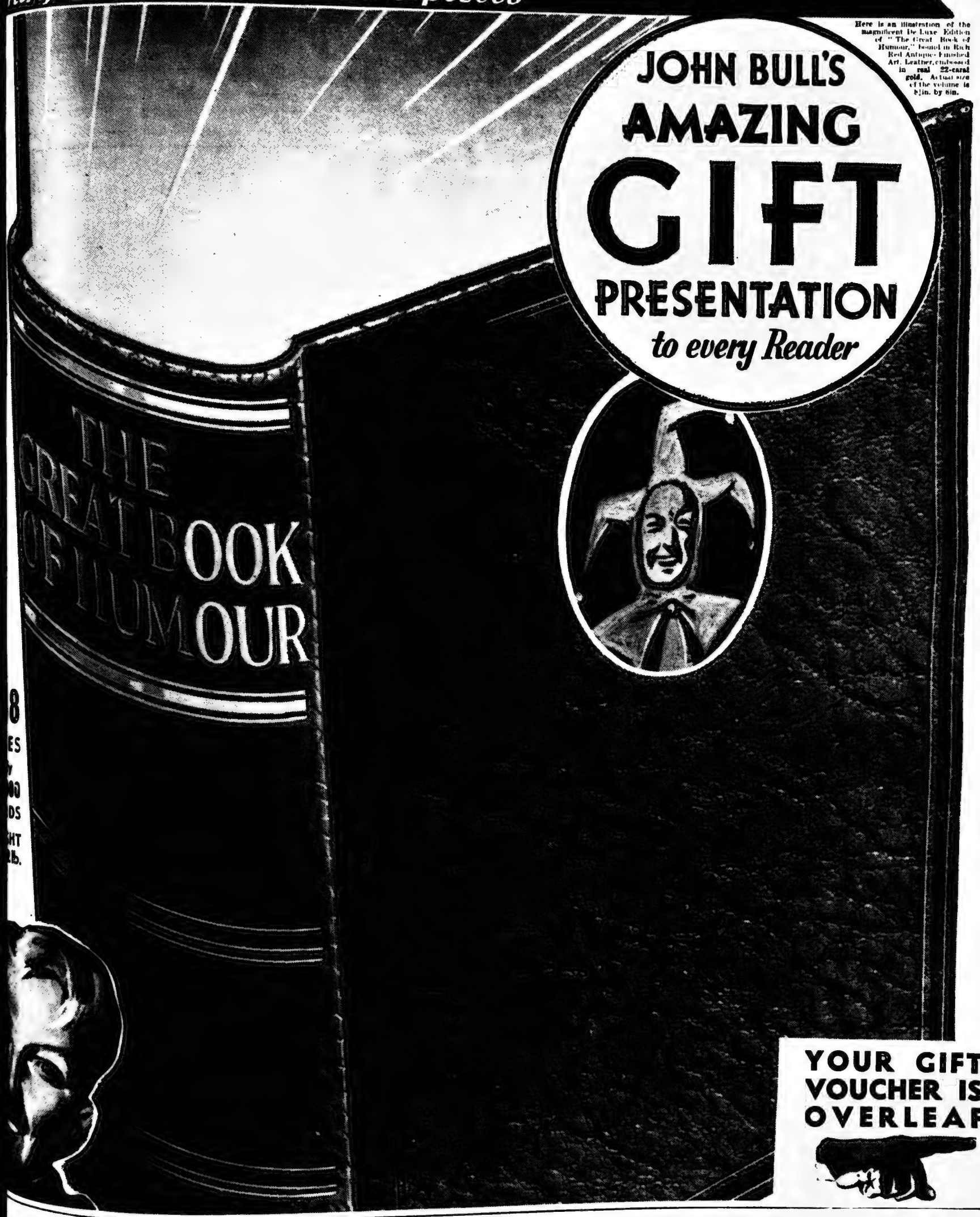

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No. of P.O.....Value (1/9 or 2/9).....DATE.....
Cross P.O. /& Co./. Make payable to "John Bull." Write your name and address on back of Postal Order. If you remit 1/9 send P.O. for 1/6 with 3d. in stamps firmly affixed—if you remit 2/9 send P.O. for 2/6 with 3d. in stamps firmly affixed. **DO NOT SEND LOOSE STAMPS.**

Your Signature .....
Write clearly below in Block Letters.

YOUR NAME.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.....

.....

Give your Newsagent's Name and Address below.

NEWSAGENT.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

LEAVE BLANK Certified and checked by

District Supervisor.

Fill in your name and full postal address on Label on the right and send in with this Voucher. WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS.

BOOKS WITH CARE
CARRIAGE PAID HOME

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
TOWN.....
COUNTY.....

J.B.H If undelivered please return to Depot, "John Bull," 46, Castle St., London, W.C.2

CUT ALONG DOTTED RULE

Reserve your Gift Volume at once on FORMS INSIDE

HOW TO RESERVE

YOUR Reservation Form and Label which are on the preceding pages MUST BE POSTED AT ONCE. These reserve your volume in your name in the Edition you specify—Ordinary OR De Luxe—and will bring you an official Gift Certificate acknowledging your Reservation and guaranteeing your volume.

It is a condition of this Gift Presentation that your newsagent holds a written order from you for the regular supply of "John Bull."

HOW TO QUALIFY

Above is the Gift Voucher on which you qualify for your volume. To qualify, cut out the token, Series "A," from the RIGHT-HAND bottom corner of the back cover of "John Bull." Do this with TWELVE consecutive issues. Affix each token to the Voucher with paste or gum—NOT pins. Tokens eligible are the series "A" and commence from No. "A130" in this issue. NO TOKENS PRIOR TO No. "A130" and NO OTHER SERIES OF TOKENS WILL BE ACCEPTED IN CONNECTION WITH THIS OFFER. Having collected TWELVE separate tokens from twelve weekly issues of "John Bull," complete the Gift Voucher by signing and writing on it your name and address and the other details requested.

Write your name and full postal address on the "Books With Care" Label above in BLOCK LETTERS. Then send in your Voucher and the "Books With Care" Label together with your Postal Order for the amount as specified on the Voucher (1/9 or 2/9), according to the Edition you require—to:—

Gift Dept., "John Bull,"
Neal Street, Shaftesbury Avenue,
London, W.C.2.

Send Cheque or Postal Order (affix the necessary stamps firmly to your Postal Order). *Do not send loose stamps.* Write your name and address on the back of your Postal Order, make it payable to "John Bull" and cross /& Co./. Upon receipt of your properly completed Gift Voucher and "Books With Care" Label, together with your Postal Order for the correct amount, your volume, in the Edition specified, will be immediately dispatched to your home.

SPECIAL NOTE

It is not the wish of "John Bull" that readers who mislay one or two tokens should be disqualified from this scheme. A concession is therefore extended to those who mislay one or two tokens, by accepting twelve tokens from separate issues within a period of fifteen weeks. It is understood that this concession is only made for those who genuinely mislay their tokens.

GENERAL NOTES.—After a completed Voucher is sent in, allow a few days for your volume to reach you.
No person may qualify for more than one volume and no volume will be awarded to more than one member of the same family living at the same address.
This offer applies only to persons residing in Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Irish Free State.
N.B.—Applicants from Irish Free State will be required to pay any charges that may be levied.

PROCLAIMED *by science vital soap facts*

IF YOU WANT the smooth, clear complexion of childhood why not use the soap which doctors and nurses recommend for the care of delicate little skins. For your skin is delicate, too. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is pure and bland. It contains no heavy, drying scents. Its generous lather is not oily. There is nothing in Wright's to irritate. Wright's does more than other soaps, it actually purifies the pores, makes them fine-textured and clear.

More physicians, themselves, use Wright's than any other toilet soap. Prominent analytical chemists and physicists confirm its superiority. Wright's is the only soap to hold the coveted Blue Seal (highest award) of the Institute of Hygiene. Be guided by these facts and don't experiment with cheap impure soaps. Insist on Wright's—6d. per tablet, 1/6 in boxes of three. At all chemists.

Protection is assured by the better balance of Wright's

Preference of Doctors Explained

From the famous research laboratory of Prof. A. M. Low come facts that reveal clearly the value of the superior balance of Wright's Coal Tar Soap over cheaper brands. If you are interested in getting value for your money, in safeguarding health and beauty, send now for

FREE SAMPLE AND BOOKLET

"The Truth about Soap" by Prof. A. M. Low, to Messrs. Wright, Layman and Umney Ltd., Dept. Y. 6., 44-50 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST FOR MILDNESS. TOUCH A TABLET WITH TIP OF TONGUE. NOTE COMPLETE ABSENCE OF BURNING OR SOUR CAUSTIC TASTE COMMON TO CHEAP SOAPS

Wright's costlier materials protect your skin.

WRIGHT'S Lifts AWAY THE DIRT

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked— In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Is white a COLOUR? *No—it is seven colours!..*

Things are white only because they reflect all the colours in white light. There must be blue in all white things to correct yellow. White without blue in it would be a greyish-yellow. When white linens go a "bad colour" it is because they need blue to correct their greyish-yellow. You must have Reckitt's Blue in your last rinsing water every wash-day—and then your linens will always be beautifully white!

Reckitt's BLUE

Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

AS THE COUNTRY AIR

. . . . is the exhilarating tang of Euthymol Tooth Paste. Used every morning and evening it keeps the mouth and breath healthy, fragrant and deliciously fresh. You'll like the wholesome, cleansing foam of Euthymol. Laboratory tests show that it kills dental decay germs in 30 seconds. Your chemist sells large 1s. 3d. tubes, or a week's sample costs nothing.

FREE OFFER!
Send to Dept. 67/66, Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1, for a free 7 day trial sample.

Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

THAT FEELING OF FITNESS...

Cultivate it to the full HOVIS every day will give you the added nourishment which keeps your system up to concert pitch. But it must be

HOVIS

and not just BROWN

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Let QUEEN'S HEALTH & LIVER SALT Bring YOU Good Health

Sold in 7½d. and 1/- Bottles by Boots Cash Chemists, International Tea Co., Star Supply Stores, Liptons, and all good Chemists and Grocers.

A Healthy Family is a Happy Family

Manufacturers: Queen's Proprietaries, Ltd., Victoria Works, Birmingham.

Radiant Health in Middle Age

deKUYPER'S HEART LABEL HOLLANDS

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 2½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogues Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems Roadsters, Racers Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

52 NOW

SLAVES *of the* SHOPS

NOT long ago a twenty-one-year-old girl appeared before a court in the south-east of London charged with stealing £12 worth of cigarettes from the catering firm for which she worked.

During her cross-examination it was ascertained that she worked from 6.30 a.m. to 9 p.m. daily, Sundays included, with often only one half-day holiday per week, for 25s.!

The judge only bound her over for twelve months. Perhaps he felt that it was the employer who ought to have been charged, not the girl.

A demonstrator who moves, as I have done, from shop to shop sees so many cases of low wages, long hours and bad working conditions that she is in danger of becoming cynical about accepted codes of justice and honesty.

Take the case of a girl of fifteen employed as a cashier at one of the hundreds of counters in a big general store. She is paid 6s. for approximately a sixty-six hour week. She is given large sums of money to handle.

Opportunity and temptation come—and a 10s. note disappears into her pocket. She is detected, dismissed without appeal, with all the attendant disgrace. Everything is weighted against her future development.

The same store that casts her out with such severity may itself be engaged in large-scale dealings of dubious honesty. Nor are some establishments above the most petty practices.

No protection

Cases are known to me of stores which allow firms to hold demonstrations in one of their departments charging in the agreement 8s. per week for the use of a sixteen-year-old cashier and then putting a fifteen-year-old girl at the cash desk who only costs them 6s. per week.

What is the difference between these two offences?

The protection afforded to shop assistants by the existing law in this country is, in fact, so inadequate that in periods of severe unemployment assistants suffer great hardship at the hands of unscrupulous employers. And those employers who desire to provide decent conditions for their assistants are handicapped by the pressure of competition.

Many people have the impression that the Shops Act, 1934, which came into force on January 1 of this year, will provide that protection which the shop assistant needs.

They do not realise that the new Act regulates the hours of "young persons" only, those under eighteen years of age. There is on the Statute Book as yet no law to regulate the hours of all shop assistants

Nor is there any legal regulation of wage rates. Only in those areas where an agreement between the employers and the appropriate union operates is there any security for the assistant.

One case was reported to the Shop Assistants' Union of a shop in South Shields where the total wages bill of a manageress and two assistants was 23s. per week!

As for the hours worked, they are elastic.

They expand at the slightest prospect of increased trade. Before the passing of the new Act it was considered necessary to "limit" the hours worked by young persons to seventy-four per week. This was considered to afford them special protection!

Adult shop assistants are still without any legal protection whatsoever. It is true that the local authorities in certain areas have power, with the assent of the Secretary of State, to enforce closing orders by the Acts of 1912 and 1928. But the 1912 Act expressly states that the closing order must not operate before 7 p.m. As the large majority of shop assistants start work before 8 a.m., this means at least eleven hours at work per day.

Even where closing orders operate there is nothing in the law of this land to prevent an employer keeping his staff occupied on the premises for hours after the shop has closed to the public.

And at certain times of the year closing orders are suspended. Christmas, for instance. The shops look gay enough at Christmas-time with their bright lights and good things. To the purchaser they embody the Christmas spirit. But what of the shop assistant? The late hours and intolerable rush so exhaust the assistants that the Christmas holiday is for them a day of prostration, of rest for aching feet and head.

Those shops which deal in perishable goods keep their assistants busy until the early hours of the morning during Christmas. Young girls of twenty have often to find their way home at 2 a.m. Some employers give their assistants a Christmas bonus in compensation. Some employers do *not*. It is for the employer to decide.

What this lack of legislative protection means only those who have stood behind draughty counters for ten or eleven hours a day and over can really appreciate.

The productive industries of this country have their hours, wages ... working conditions regulated, how... inadequately, by Factory Acts and Tr... Boards. There is a Trade Board ... milk, but for no other section of ... tribution.

The new Shops Act does not touch ... hours or wages of adults. It does, h... ever, do something to regulate t... working conditions. It lays down ... in future a "reasonable" tempera... and "suitable and sufficie... means of ventilation must ... provided in every shop. S... tary conveniences, wash... facilities, means of light... and facilities for taking m... must likewise be "suit... and sufficient."

Large stores which emp... hundreds of assistants a... rule provide adequate fa... ties of this kind for their employ... But in small individual shops ... branches conditions are too often ap... ling.

Will it help?

Washing facilities are frequently n... existent; men and women have to sh... sanitary conveniences; meals must ... taken on upturned packing-cases ... lumber rooms, attics or back roo... where there is either no heating or ... outlet to the outer air.

The new Act, if strictly observ... ought to make a considerable differe... to the health and comfort of work...

But the value of these provisi... will depend on the way they are adm... istered. The enforcement of the Ac... in the hands of the same local auth... ties and their inspectors who admi... tered the 1912 Shops Act.

Some local authorities administe... that Act efficiently. Others refused ... appoint full-time inspectors and, a... result, many contraventions of the ... passed unchecked in their area.

Every local authority should appo... a full-time inspector to see that ... details of the new Act are strictly ... served. The shop assistant has a ri... to decent conditions.

B. H...

An appalling case of underpaid shop workers was brought before the Shop Assistants' Union, of which Mr. J. R. Leslie is Secretary

Race with "Silver Ring"

Epsom Naps

THIS Bahram-Bobsleigh Derby ... 1935 will be Turf history ... another issue of JOHN BULL is ... sale, and as, at the moment ... writing, there is so much uncertai... about the composition of the field, I sh... stand by BAHRAM, and code the b... each-way long-shot.

My followers may find it of interest ... learn that JOHN BULL, owing to its w... circulation, is in the press for the bet... part of a week; but, by utilising ... Code, I am enabled to be as up to d... with information as a daily newspaper.

My colleagues of *The Sporting Life* h... forecast a field of sixteen for the Der... but it will not surprise me if the field ... considerably smaller.

Those who will carry their minds ba... to 1932 will recollect that the Aga Kh... did some wonderful "packing" in the ... Leger of that year. If he accepts with ... powerful contingent for this year's Der... Fitzroy House may again almost sweep t... board.

The Oaks, according to many ... judges, is all over bar the shouting. Me... the splendid French filly, gave such ... fine performance when winning the O... Thousand Guineas, that the gene... opinion suggests she will run away w... the "Ladies' Race."

The invader has an outstanding chan... in this year's race, for it would seem th... there is only one with a chance of low... ing her colours. This is Lord Derby's s... Coronal.

Fourth in the One Thousand Guine... Coronal was running on, and this fo... must be borne in mind. By Coronac... out of Selene, Coronal lacks nothing ... the score of breeding.

"SILVER RING'S" COD...

The Code for this week is as follo... It covers the racing from Thursda... May 30, to Wednesday, June 6.

H J I 95 S O Y 97 L W N 96 G E D ...

Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M ...

In place of the letters or figures a... vertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Dai... Herald* read those above or below as t... case may be. Examples: 95SQWSD wou... read BAHRAM. Where a double lett... occurs in the name of a horse the figure ... is substituted. A98K2O94W would re... SNOOKER.

Smoker's throat? never, I smoke

CRAVEN "A"

10 for 6D

20 for 1/-

In the 'EASY-ACCESS' Inner Foil Pack and Sealed Fresh in Weatherproof 'Cellophane.'

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

Quench that thirst with

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

150 MILLION LEMONS USED YEARLY

Sayings of Saucy Boy
Enough is as good as a feast—

with— MASON'S 'O.K' SAUCE

6° per bottle
Family Size 9°
(nearly double)

Another delicacy MASON'S MUSTARD SAUCE

BLOOD will TELL . .

A NEW "silent witness"—one day it promises to be as conclusive and damning as the finger-print, which has sent hundreds to the gallows and thousands to convict prisons—is winning its way to complete recognition in British courts of law.

It is human blood.

In the near future its testimony is going to be so important in fixing the guilt on murderers, settling problems as to succession, and determining the parenthood of children, that a special department of one of London University's laboratories has been devoted to research concerning it.

Science is going to give a legal significance to the phrase "Blood will tell."

It is extraordinary how little a judge and jury could learn from human blood until quite recently. A splash of it might indicate the direction of a blow, a few stains on an axe or bludgeon what weapon was used, or marks on the floor whether a body had been dragged along or not.

But when it came to fixing the guilt—well, not even spots of it on the clothing of an accused man indicated anything more than that he might have cut himself while shaving or nursed an injured animal, so little did we know about the differences between animal blood and human and, of greater importance still, between the different types of human beings.

Well, all that has been changed, for with the discovery that mankind is split up—by easily recognisable differences in the blood—into a number of different "blood groups," human blood has been turned into an articulate and reliable witness.

Turned to account

By means of what science knows as "the blood test," a tiny spot of human blood can be made to speak in the interests of justice.

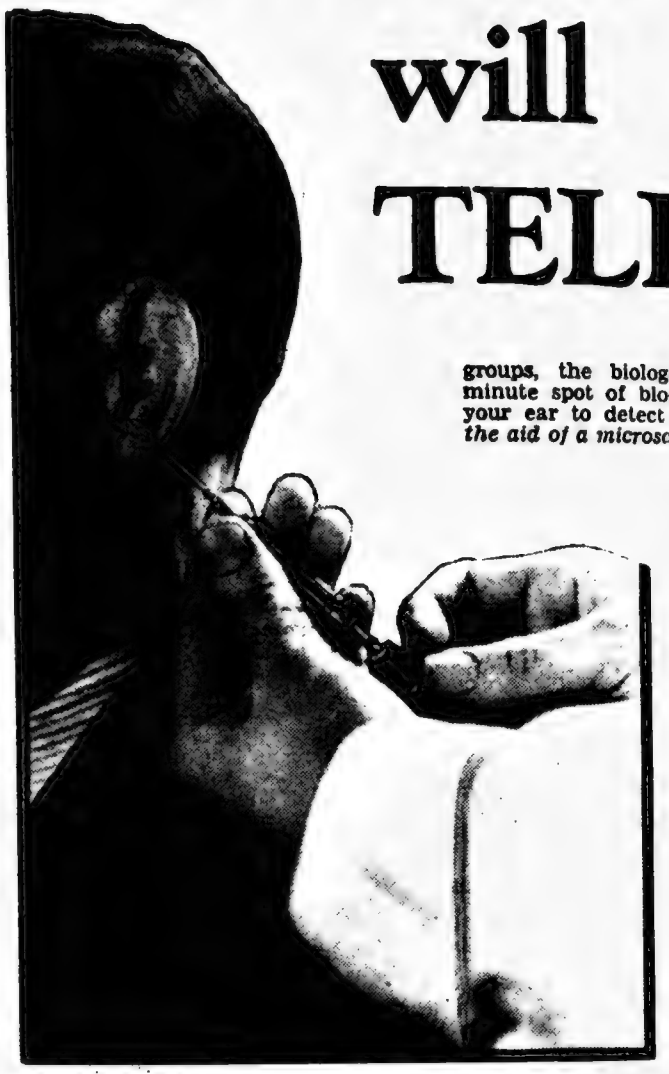
And although we in Britain have been slower than most countries in admitting the results of "blood tests" as evidence—only two years ago an important stipendiary suggested that even fifty doctors with blood test evidence wouldn't make much impression on his mind—there are ample signs that we are learning their value at last.

Dr. Roche Lynch, the Home Office expert, has already turned it into account in murder investigations. It has been possible to say, when an accused man has claimed that spots of blood found on his clothing had resulted from a cut, that they do not belong to his group at all.

That evidence, although it is never tendered as conclusive proof, becomes of even greater importance when it is also shown that the blood belongs to the same group as the victim.

Then the Home Secretary has announced that blood test evidence is admissible in cases undertaken to establish the paternity of a child.

In fact, courts have already given an attentive hearing to such evidence.



A drop of blood, taken usually from the lobe of the ear, has become the latest "silent witness"—though not yet accepted as conclusive, but with promise that scientists may soon make it so

At Brentford the Bench has selected a doctor to compare the blood of a man, a woman and a baby in a case in which the question of whether the man is the father of the child is at stake. In Dublin High Court the judge listened to blood test evidence where a husband who sought and obtained a judicial separation claimed that her child was not his.

Contrary to the general belief, a blood test is a very easy matter.

Professor Landsteiner, of the Rockefeller Institute, having discovered that everyone belongs to one of four blood groups, the biologist only requires a minute spot of blood from the lobe of your ear to detect your group *with the aid of a microscope.*

One-half of the people who read these words have in their blood corpuscles a substance called A. One-fifth of the remainder have a substance called B. All the rest either have both A and B or neither. So there you have the four groups.

You can only have A or B if one of your parents has it. And if you have both A and B you would be bound to hand one or the other on to your children.

Supposing a woman has no A and her baby has A. Then it is as certain as anything can be in this world that A must be found in the blood of the father.

If, in such circumstances, the man accused of paternity in that case submits to a blood test which proves that he has not, then it is obvious that the responsibility lies elsewhere.

It would be wearying to give all the variations of these tests. In fact, they can all be summed up by saying what such tests can prove, which is as follows:

They cannot in any one test show that a particular man is the father of a particular child. But out of every ten innocent men who might be accused they can prove beyond doubt that nine are innocent.

You might say that that doesn't get very far. What about the other one innocent men?

Well, that is where another series of tests comes in.

The tenth man . .

The red corpuscles of the human blood carry two other substances known as M and N. By bringing a rabbit into the experiment the grouping of the blood as far as these two qualities are concerned can be ascertained.

And now it is possible to clear nine out of every ten innocent men.

Now remember that an American research worker has discovered a means of dividing the human family into two blood groups in all, and you will realise how the scope of the blood test's effectiveness is growing.

The more we increase the number of groups the more will the real criminal tremble at the new advances of science—the murderer who has spots on his clothing to explain away, the burglar who cuts his hand on broken glass while making his escape, the bogus heir to a fortune who insists on his mythical "rights."

To sum up, science is harnessing heredity in the interests of justice.

"What is bred in the blood" will come out in the blood—a silent witness, if it may be, to which every court will have to listen

The Greatest of These—

Nine into 45s.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Rose is the youngest but one of seven children.

As her ex-Service dad could not find work, after his last job expired two years ago, he is struggling to support his family as a street trader, selling firewood. He suffers at times from an internal complaint, and this, coupled with the small demand for fire-wood in the summer months, makes his earning capacity a precarious thing.

His eldest boy, the only one of the family of school-leaving age, earns a few shillings a week, which brings the weekly income to an average of 35s. to 45s. a week—not much for nine people to live on.

With the help of a younger brother, however, Rose's father did manage to pay his way and scrape along, he and his wife seeing to it that if anyone went short of food it was themselves.

Then, about two months ago, on a dark night, Rose's young uncle was pushing the barrow along without showing a light, when a 'bus ran into him. He died soon after admission to the hospital.

This was a great blow to Rose's family and involved extra expense. The trouble now is that their rent has fallen behind and a Court order served for arrears, which is a nightmare enough to daunt the stoutest hearts of parents with a family of young children, the baby only a few months old, for where, if evicted, are they to find rooms?

Any possessions likely to bring them in a few shillings are already pawned, including baby's shawl.

Rose's father is in no way lazy and is always ready to work, however small the pay may be, in order to earn an honest living. He is doing all he can to pay his debts, including 6s. lent for a pair of boots for one of his boys by the school authorities.

The author, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, reviewing his pilgrimage through life, writes that to help as many as possible to find life a boon, not a burden, is the surest road to contentment.

* * *

All donations earmarked "Rose," which ought to bring our subscribers that contentment, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and, as in the case of subscriptions to the general fund, will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Company Meeting

EDWARD LLOYD, LIMITED

Overseas Competition

The Forty-fifth Ordinary General Meeting of Edward Lloyd, Ltd., was held yesterday at 4, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

The Right Hon. Lord Camrose (Chairman of the Company) presided.

The Secretary having read the notice convening the Meeting and the Report of the Auditors,

The CHAIRMAN said:

Before we proceed with the business of this Meeting I would refer to the death of our colleague, Mr. Ernest Raynham. Mr. Raynham was associated with this firm for practically the whole of his working life. He started with the late Mr. Frank Lloyd as a boy, and rose to be head of the Sales Department and a joint Managing Director. It is only just to his memory to say that he had by his natural integrity and straightness of dealing won the esteem and confidence of paper-buyers all over the world. His kindly and sympathetic nature had earned for him the affection of all those who worked with him, and his passing has been deeply regretted, not only by his colleagues on the Board, but by all who had come into contact with him.

OVERSEAS COMPETITION.

For the year which ended on December 31st last our profits amounted to £195,154 9s. 8d., a decrease compared with the previous year of no less than £93,340. The decrease is due partly to the cost of our raw materials, for which we had in the ordinary way to contract in advance, but more especially to the lower selling price which we had to accept owing to the keen competition from mills overseas. This competition came, not only from the mills in Scandinavia and Finland, but also from those in Canada—a competition which, as you know, is entirely uncontrolled by duties of any sort, and which resulted in a lowering of the price level of 1934 to an uneconomic figure. For 1935 the price is slightly higher, but it is still below the figure justified by current costs.

Newsprint remains, I believe, the one manufacturing business in this country which has no protection of any kind against unfair or uneconomic competition from abroad. This handicap is, of course, common to all newsprint manufacturers in the country, and while conditions remain as they are we shall still have difficulties in front of us. To offset them we have striven for greater efficiency in every department and have managed to keep every machine in the mills fully employed during the whole of the year.

EXTENSIONS.

Meanwhile we have been proceeding with the extensions at our Kemsley Mills which, as you will remember, had just been started when I addressed you last year. I had the honour of laying the foundation stone of the new building in May last, and we are hoping that the new machine will be ready to start operations towards the end of July. This new machine will be the largest and fastest running paper-making machine in the whole world. Kemsley Mills have always been regarded as a show place in the Newsprint World, and our new equipment there will help us to maintain the high position which Edward Lloyd, Limited, has held in the industry for over half a century.

Conditions being as they are, it is not our present intention to increase our total production of newsprint. We shall transfer to Kemsley the newsprint now being made on the slower running machines at our Sittingbourne Mills, and turn the latter over to the production of other classes of paper where the market is in a more satisfactory state.

Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to note that the general improvement in trade has spread to the newspapers, and bigger circulations and bigger papers have resulted in an increase in the consumption of newsprint.

Our relations with our customers, both here and in Australia, continue to be most satisfactory, and it is a great pleasure to me to acknowledge once again the support which they have extended to us over a long period of years. It has always been our endeavour to justify this good will, not only by a high and consistent grade of product, but also by maintaining our plant and efficiency at the very highest standard. I am sure this fact, combined with our plans for the future, will encourage them to retain to the full the confidence which they have always placed in this old-established firm.

WALLBOARDS.

Side by side with our paper-making extensions at Kemsley we have pushed forward with our plans for the manufacture there of wallboards for building and decorating purposes. We have now reached the stage of production, and you will be interested to know that the Edward Lloyd Wallboard has found a ready and progressive market. We have not by any means got into our full stride as yet, as the special machinery which we have had to install is not fully ready. On the other hand, our product has been received by the building trade in the most encouraging manner, and our order book is already full for all production we are likely to have for some time ahead. We have been slower in coming into full production than we had originally contemplated, but we have deliberately delayed matters so as to make absolutely sure that the quality of the wallboard should be consistent and in keeping with the reputation of Edward Lloyd, Limited. I have every confidence that we have found in this new industry a most valuable addition to our business.

In concluding his speech, the Chairman paid a high tribute to the staff and employees and said that in all departments there had been maintained that loyalty and good feeling which had been characteristic of the firm for so many years.

The resolution for the adoption of the report and accounts was proposed by the Chairman, seconded by the Deputy-Chairman, Sir Gomer Berry, Bart., and carried unanimously.

The retiring Directors were reappointed.

Mummy's lovely girl!

"When baby was born she weighed 9 lbs. I fed her myself for a few weeks, then she was taken ill, and was wasting away. The doctor was called, and he said he could do nothing for her, as she was so weak and her stomach could not take medicine. He advised us to try her on Nestlé's Milk and from then on she progressed.

To-day she is a lovely child at 9 months. She weighs 25 lbs 4 ozs and has 10 teeth. She is admired by everybody."

—MRS. E. N., RAINHAM, KENT

Hundreds of letters — each telling how Nestlé's Milk solved a mother's problem — can be seen at Nestlé's London Office. None was sought in any way, all bear the stamp of truth.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Large Size 7½D *Small Size* 4D

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DELICIOUS & REFRESHING
ACIDOES
MUTTALL'S MINTOES
4D PER OZ
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Would you like a sample of Four Square Empire Mixture? Fill in the special coupon on page 35 and enclose 3d. stamp to cover part postage.

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The JOHN BULL Libel Case

Action by Three Magistrates

JURY DISAGREES

THE libel action brought against "John Bull" by three Kingston (Surrey) magistrates in respect to criticisms made in an article published in these columns last November was heard before Mr. Justice Swift and a special jury in the King's Bench Division.

After a four days' hearing the jury failed to agree and were discharged.

As the case is still "sub judice" we cannot, of course, make any comment upon it.

The report of the proceedings, by courtesy of "The Times," is printed below.

In the King's Bench Division before Mr. Justice Swift and a Special Jury.

THE hearing was begun on Thursday, May 16, of an action in which Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Clegg Rowland-Hill, of Homersham Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey; Mrs. Emily Grace Bunford Finny, of Liverpool Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey, and Mr. Henry Archibald White, of Gloucester Road, Kingston Hill, Surrey, Justices of the Peace for the borough of Kingston-on-Thames, claimed from Odhams Press Limited, of Long Acre, W.C., damages for an alleged libel published in JOHN BULL on November 3, 1934.

The plaintiffs complained of an article entitled "Four Years for a Good Boy; Monstrous Children's Act Sentence," which referred to a case which came before them while sitting in a Juvenile Court at Kingston in October. The article contained the following paragraphs:—

> So toughened has the public conscience become by daily revelations of the manner in which innocent children are punished in the courts, that many people have ceased to feel surprise at the actions of lay magistrates.
>
> The limits of injustice must surely, however, have been reached at Kingston, Surrey, a few days ago when 12-year-old Harry ——— had the misfortune to face the members of the local Bench.
>
> The manner in which they dealt with the boy would have made Dickens weep.

The article went on to say that Harry ———, the son of a regimental sergeant-major with a distinguished record of service, appeared before the plaintiffs in the Juvenile Court because, it was said, his education had been retarded by irregular school attendance during an illness of his widowed mother.

Colonel Rowland-Hill, it was stated, asked him whether he would like to join the Army when he grew up, to which the boy replied in the affirmative, and then, "without more ado and completely ignoring the appeals and the provision made for Harry, these magistrates ordered him to be detained in an institution for four years! The military mind was at work with a vengeance."

"It is a new and bewildering phase of British justice," the article continued, "that an innocent child should be sent to virtual imprisonment for four years so that he may graduate in the higher ranks of the Army and that a Juvenile Court should become a military recruiting centre."

The plaintiffs alleged that the article meant that they had acted unjustly and with the object of forcing the boy to become a soldier.

The defendants denied that the words complained of were defamatory of the plaintiffs and they also pleaded fair comment and that the words constituted a fair and accurate report of a judicial proceeding.

Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and Mr. Gilbert J. Paull appeared for the plaintiffs; Sir William Jowitt, K.C., and Mr. Valentine Holmes for the defendants.

Sir Patrick Hastings, in opening the case, said that the article complained of constituted as grave a libel as one could well imagine. It cruelly attacked the plaintiffs not only as individuals but also in their capacity as magistrates. The attack was such that nothing short of a complete investigation could be accepted by the plaintiffs.

The article criticised the conduct of the plaintiffs in relation to a boy, Harry ———, 12 years of age. Under the present law a child who came before magistrates for any reason could be sent to an approved school.

The Farnborough school

The school with which they were concerned in the present action was the National Children's Home at Farnborough. There were 150 children at that school, which was divided into seven houses, after the manner of public schools.

In each house there were two nurses to look after the physical well-being of the boys. The boys got pocket-money every week, and they were allowed to go into the town and spend it. There were playing fields and facilities for bathing. The boys could spend the Christmas holidays at home, and their parents and friends could visit them and take them out.

The school was a credit to everyone connected with it, and Harry was so happy there that last Christmas he asked whether he might stay at the school for the festivities there instead of going to his relations.

The matter began last October, when Harry's mother was brought before the magistrates charged with exposing her son to unnecessary suffering, as they had been sleeping out in the street for some days.

The magistrates remanded her for a report to be made. At the end of a week it was reported that her husband had been a non-commissioned officer in the Army with a very distinguished career, and had left his wife with four children—a married daughter of 24, who had three children, a married daughter of 19, who had two children, a son who was in the Army, and Harry—and it was found that the mother was temporarily insane.

She was removed to an institution, and had now recovered.

The problem then arose what should be done with Harry. It was found that, owing to his mother's condition, he was three or four years backward in education.

"John Bull's" placard

The plaintiffs realised that that raised a difficulty in his going to an ordinary school, and they thought that, if Harry went to live with his sisters, he would become little more than a nursery-maid. They interviewed the boy, and he told them that he wanted to be a soldier. It was decided that he should be sent to the home at Farnborough.

Three weeks later there blazed outside the doors of the plaintiffs in Kingston a placard published by JOHN BULL, which bore the following words: "Four Years for Innocent Kingston Boy." That placard advertised the article in JOHN BULL of which the plaintiffs complained.

Counsel read the article and said that the whole of it was grossly untrue. There was no form of incarceration at the school, and at any time after the year the headmaster could release if a change in his home surroun made it likely that he would be fited by being allowed to return ho

It had, however, been held ove plaintiffs' heads that they had guilty of passing some monstrous tence.

Mr. Sidney Charles Thomas L wood, clerk to the borough justic Kingston, said that Colonel Row Hill was chairman of the panel of tices appointed to deal with child cases. A great many inquiries made regarding the position caus the defects in Harry's education. efforts were made to see how it cou remedied. Other enquiries were about the home of Harry's sisters.

Crying sisters

Before the order was made that H should go to the Farnborough sc Colonel Rowland-Hill asked him wh wanted to be when he grew up. A the boy did not answer, and Co Rowland-Hill then said that when was a boy he wanted to be an en driver or a railway guard. Harry said: "I'd like to be a soldier."

Colonel Rowland-Hill did nothin drive the boy into the Army. The had been, and was, dead keen on Army. There was no truth in the s ment in the article that when Harry told that he would be sent to the s he "sobbed with dismay at the appa sentence passed on him." He was bright and chatted with Colonel land-Hill after the decision was nounced. After the magistrates had the room the boy's sisters, who were upset, crowded round him crying. then the boy cried, too.

Answering his lordship, the wit said that there was nothing in the which the magistrates made about boy being kept at the school for years. Nothing was said to the boy a his being kept there for four years.

When Harry was before the m trates he was rather weak and w He was very happy at the school was now greatly improved in health

Cross-examined, Mr. Littlewood ag that nothing was said to the boy's sister when the case was before magistrates about the magist having received a report that the ac modation at her home was not suit for the boy.

He did not think that there was a difference between dealing with a charged with an offence and de with a child for the care and protec of whom steps had to be taken.

Forty-one cases

Sir William Jowitt: If it were own son, would you be happy to see go to a school where he might asso with embryo thieves?—From what I seen of the schools the idea would worry me in the least.

Do you think it better for a chil be in an institution rather than his own people if they are decent and spectable?—It is quite impossible generalise on that. One must know facts about the particular home.

Further cross-examined when the was resumed on May 17, Mr. Littlew said that since the Children's Act c into force in November, 1933, his B had dealt with 41 children, eight whom had gone to schools—that under all sections of the Act.

Mr. Littlewood agreed that of t eight one had been found guilty embezzlement, and a number of the stealing. The boy Harry was the one whom his Bench had sent who in need of care and protection.

Sir William Jowitt: Had you vis this school before Harry went th —I had not.

The witness added that the boy's s went there with him in March.

Did she say that the article in J BULL was perfectly true?—She did Nothing of that sort?—No.

Mr. Littlewood agreed that by the the schools were called approved sch and that a few years ago they use

(Continued on page 34)

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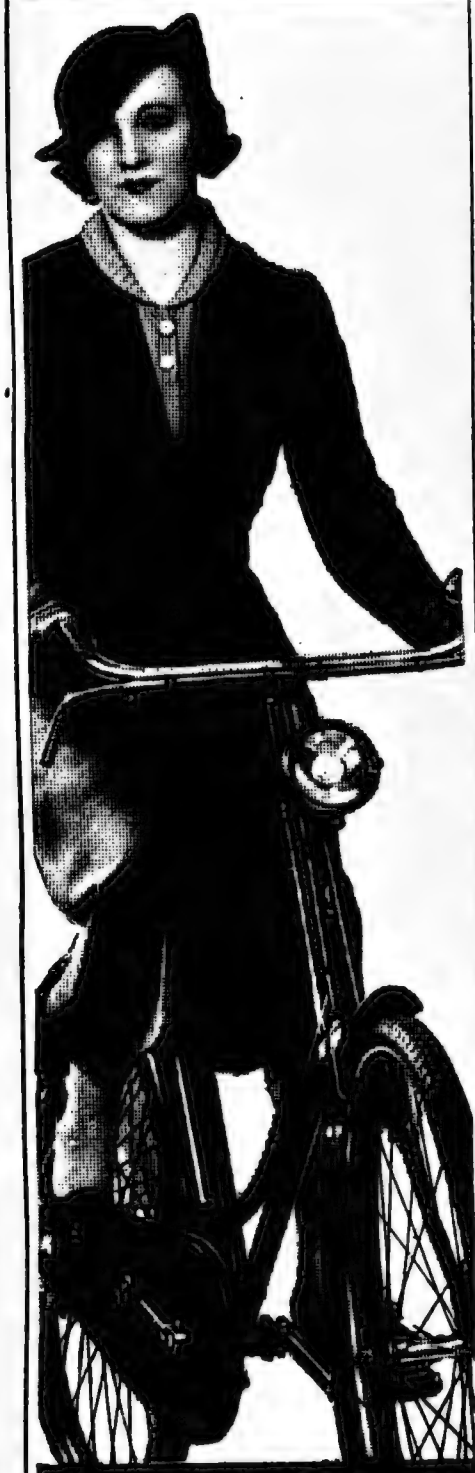

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The JOHN BULL Libel Case—(Continued from page 32)

be called either reformatory or industrial schools.

Mr. Littlewood protested against Sir William Jowitt's description of the boys at the schools as embryo thieves. "It is not quite fair to call them that," he said, and explained that generally it was boys who had bad homes who went to those places. It was only their environment that got them into trouble.

Would you not rather, without my saying a hard word against these children, that your son or daughter did not associate with people who had been dealt with by magistrates for stealing, or embezzlement?—I can only speak for myself. I have seen a great deal of these things, and as I told you yesterday, it would not worry me in the least. I feel sorry for these little fellows, and most of them turn out decent men.

Sir William Jowitt was dealing with the jurisdiction of the magistrates under the Act when Sir Patrick Hastings objected, and pointed out that, whatever might be the view of the Act, they were here dealing with an action for libel, and that nowhere had it ever been suggested that the order was made without jurisdiction.

Objection upheld

Mr. Justice Swift, upholding the objection, said that as he read the Act it could never be suggested that the order was made without jurisdiction. Section 62 was not a section which provided for the punishment of anybody, but, if the local authority or a policeman or some other authorised person was of opinion that some child required care and protection, then the authority or policeman might bring him before the Bench of magistrates, who might send him to an approved school.

Counsel having dealt with the enquiry into the circumstances of the case by the justices, Mr. Littlewood said that he never laid down general rules for treatment of cases. For instance, there were cases in which the magistrates should commit a boy to the care of parents and not take advantage of probation. There were other cases where probation was desirable.

In conclusion, Mr. Littlewood agreed that the responsibility for the decision was not his, but the magistrates'.

Re-examined, Mr. Littlewood said that neither he nor the magistrates had any thought but for the welfare of the child.

When Harry first came before them, continued the witness, he had been found sleeping out in a doorway in a street for ten days. For some time past the mother had been wandering from place to place, never staying anywhere for long. The child had no home at all in the ordinary sense.

Headmaster's evidence

When his sister came to the school and saw him she said to him (the witness) that what they (the magistrates) did for the boy was the best thing they could have done.

Mr. Albert John Hall, the headmaster of the school at Farnborough, said that it was divided into seven houses, in six of which there were 23 boys, and the other contained 10 older boys. In each house there were two sisters to look after the physical health of the boys.

The over-14 boys were allowed a very great measure of freedom. They could earn up to 6d. a week by good conduct, and those under that age could earn up to 3d. a week. They could spend that as they wished.

On the notepaper it stated that parents and relatives would be welcomed on any day except Sunday. They were allowed to take the boys out, and exactly where they liked, and keep them late, though they were asked not to keep them out after midnight.

After six months in the home a boy was allowed two weeks' home leave provided the managers were satisfied that the home conditions were good. 90 out of 150 boys went home last Christmas. For those who did not go home it was one continual run of parties and entertainments.

Old boys visited the school when they wished

Sir Patrick Hastings: At whose expense?—We never ask them for money at all. The school defrays the expenses, but when a boy is in a good situation he nearly always leaves something which I use for special treats for the boys afterwards. The old boys would be insulted unless they were put up in their old house.

The school had a regular system of camping, continued Mr. Hall. The whole school camped by the sea for three weeks each year. He had listened with indignation to the suggestion that a normal boy would be contaminated by any of his boys. The school was very proud of its very high percentage of successes. If it fell below 90 per cent. they began to ask themselves what was wrong. They always aimed at 96 per cent. at least.

130 boys at school

The proportion of those at the school under care and protection were about 60 boys—including those sent for being beyond control. There were 70 boys who might be described perhaps as young criminals, although he objected strongly to any insinuation of that sort. He did not even accept the word "embryo."

If Harry's mother was able to provide a perfectly proper home and wanted him back there would be no difficulty in his going back after a year. If she wanted him before the year he (the witness) would advise her to communicate with the Secretary of State, when the matter would be sympathetically considered.

Harry, said Mr. Hall, was determined to be a soldier and nothing else. He wished to enter an Army band.

Harry's mother had been twice to the school to see him.

Cross-examined, Mr. Hall said that the school had always been a junior industrial school. "We are trying to run our school," added the witness, "on the lines of the best public schools."

Sir William Jowitt: So long as there is nothing wrong with the home life, would you, with your experience, not tell the jury that you would much rather that the boy was left there than put in an approved school?—No, I am not quite prepared to say that.

Concluding his evidence, Mr. Hall agreed that roughly half the school consisted of boys "who had been found out" in making mistakes. (Laughter.)

Lieutenant-Colonel Rowland-Hill, giving evidence, said that he was not by profession a soldier. He was a retired Indian Civil servant. He was a justice of the peace for Kingston, and since the Children's Act came into force he had been appointed chairman of the children's Court.

Sir Patrick Hastings: Do you approach these cases with any other aspect than that of the welfare of the children brought before you?—That is our sole consideration.

Continuing, the witness said that after giving the matter very careful consideration they came to the conclusion that Harry should go to one of the approved schools. He (the witness) had visited a couple of them to see for himself how they were conducted. What in his opinion made it desirable that Harry should go to an approved school were the matters relating to his home surroundings, his mother, and his education—which was really the chief thing. The boy's education was retarded by about four years.

The Colonel

Harry, said the witness, seemed a very nice little chap, and he asked him what he was going to do when he grew up. There was a short pause, so to put him at his ease he said that when he was a boy of Harry's age he fancied himself as an engine-driver or a railway guard. Harry at once replied that he would like to be a soldier.

Is there any truth whatever in the allegation in this article that you said to Harry: "Would you like to join the Army when you grow up?" and that your military mind was at work?—None whatever.

Did you desire to act as a recruiting officer for the Army—That was far from my mind.

Colonel Rowland-Hill added that Harry struck him as a very self-possessed and calm little boy. He certainly did not sob and did not show the slightest sign of distress when talking to him (the witness).

Was there anything that you did to this boy which could be described as monstrous sentence?—I think that conscience is pretty clear about that.

Cross-examined, Colonel Rowland-Hill said that according to his lights he did his best for the boy.

Sir William Jowitt: I entirely accept that; but what I am criticising here is your lights—your mentality.

The witness said that he was not frightened of honest criticism. He had always been regarded as a friend of children. The matter of the treatment of children might naturally give rise to differences of opinion.

Do you agree that so long as a child is able to be with relatives in respectable surroundings and a good moral atmosphere, it is better in the interests of the child that he should remain there rather than go to any approved home or school?—I quite agree.

Therefore, continued counsel, in (the witness's) duties as chairman of the Juvenile Court he would regard it as essential before sending a child to an approved school to satisfy himself that there was no chance of that child being with relatives in decent circumstances.

The witness agreed that that was so.

The criticism in this article, said counsel, is that, notwithstanding that there was a chance of this boy being with relatives in decent conditions, you sent him to an approved home?—I am not responsible for that criticism.

Sister's offer

Is it true that relatives were ready and anxious to give him a home? There was a question of two sisters offering him a home.

Do you say that sending a boy to an approved school involves no stigma?—It depends what he is sent there for.

The stigma, such as it is, is obviously greater in the case of an approved home than in the case of placing a child under the care of a probation officer?—That may be so.

The witness agreed that going to one of the approved schools might involve a stigma in the eyes of people who did not know the facts. If they visited the schools they would change their minds.

Colonel Rowland-Hill denied that the suggestion of joining the Army came from him.

Mrs. Emily Grace Bunford Finny said that she was one of the magistrates who dealt with Harry. She had no object but to do what was best for him. She made up her mind as to the best thing to do for him, and was of the same opinion as the other magistrates.

Cross-examined, Mrs. Finny agreed that it would be a monstrous thing to send away a child to an approved home if there was available for that child a comfortable and decent home.

Mr. White in the box

Mr. Henry Archibald White, the third member of the Bench who heard Harry's case, said that he had heard the account of the proceedings given by the other witnesses. The account was correct. His sole endeavour was to do the best he could for the boy. He was still of the same opinion—that they took the only course that was open to them.

In cross-examination, when the case was resumed on Monday, May 20, Mr. White said that he complained that the article in JOHN BULL did not mention that the boy was brought before the justices by the education authority on the ground that he wanted care and attention, nor the statement made by the boy's sisters that, if his mother was discharged from the mental home in which she had been sent, they could undertake to keep the boy in their own home.

Nor, he said, was any mention made of the limited accommodation in the sisters' homes, or of the evidence that the boy's educational standard was two years backward and that he needed special educational attention if he were to be brought up to a reasonable standard.

It was misleading to refer to a "monstrous sentence," "injustice," and "imprisonment." There was no "sentence." He also objected to the statement that

(Continued on page 36)

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The JOHN BULL Libel Case—(Continued from page 34)

the Juvenile Court was being made a military recruiting centre.

If Colonel Rowland-Hill, the chairman of the Court, had suggested that the boy should go into the Army, he (Mr. White) would have protested and left the Bench. He had a great hatred of war and he would not do anything to put a boy into the Army.

Miss Florence Lewis, of Lansdowne Road, Croydon, Surrey, probation officer at the Kingston Borough Police Court, said that the suggestion that the boy should eventually go into the Army came from the boy and not from Colonel Rowland-Hill.

She had been to see the boy at the school twice. In January the boy was happy in himself, but was distressed that his sisters had not been down to see him. On the second occasion on which she went to the school the boy was very happy indeed.

Sir Patrick Hastings: There was no sign of the boy being subjected to imprisonment?—None.

Cross-examined, Miss Lewis agreed that the boy's sisters were genuinely attached to him.

Sir William Jowitt: Having regard to their position in life, it was inevitable, if their brother was sent to a home at Farnborough, that these sisters should be more or less cut off from him?—Cut off in the sense that he is not at home, but it is not a great distance to Farnborough.

Miss Lewis said that "there seemed little religious influence" in the home of the boy's older sister.

Sir Patrick Hastings (re-examining): Was there anything which happened at the Juvenile Court which, with your experience, could be described as a "Monstrous Children's Act Sentence?"—No.

THE DEFENCE
Sir William Jowitt's Speech

Sir William Jowitt, in opening the defence, said that the jury might think that the article complained of was strong, obstinate, exaggerated, or prejudiced, but the question which they had to decide was whether a fair-minded man, with all those conditions attached to him, would be capable of writing the article. If the jury thought that he would be, then the defence of fair comment had been made out.

In October last the three plaintiffs had only had 18 months' experience on the Bench. In February, 1934, Colonel Rowland-Hill was made chairman of the Juvenile Court. Before that date he had had no experience in a Juvenile Court.

With regard to Mrs. Finny and Mr. White, with one exception in the case of Mrs. Finny, neither of them had ever before had to adjudicate on whether or not a child should be sent to an approved home because he wanted care and attention.

Miss Lewis, the probation officer, who had a hundred times the experience of the three plaintiffs, reported that when a few matters had been attended to and a few instructions regarding diet and so on had been given, the older sister's house would be suitable as a home for the boy if he were placed under probation. It was a sad fact that putting the boy on probation was never really considered

However hard one might try, it was impossible to obtain in an institution that peculiar something which mattered so enormously to them all when they looked back to those old days which were associated with their homes. That peculiar relationship between a boy and his own flesh and blood in his home, however humble it might be, was going to be most valuable to him in after life if the home was decent. So long as there was a chance of a child being happy and properly cared for at home, he should not be sent to any institution.

Colonel Rowland-Hill had said that the boy was not put on probation because of the stigma that might attach to it, but was there no stigma attaching to a boy being sent to an approved school?

Another thing was that many of the boys at the school to which Harry had been sent were boys who had made some sort of "mistake," while others had proved quite unmanageable at home. However hard a headmaster might try, there must be some danger in sending a small boy, at his most critical age, to such an institution.

Was it not a fair view that the magistrates had sent Harry to be incarcerated? It was true that there were no padlocks and no bars at the school, but the boy was effectively deprived of his liberty. If he left the school without permission he could be arrested and taken back to it.

Sister's evidence

Turning to the article in JOHN BULL, counsel said that it stressed the fact that it was a "Children's Act sentence" and that the boy was "detained" in the institution. No one reading the article would understand anything other than that the boy had been sent to an approved school. No one could have thought that he had been sent to imprisonment.

If the jury returned a verdict in favour of JOHN BULL it would not mean that the magistrates had done something disgraceful, but merely that what was in the article was fair comment within the legal definition of the phrase. He (counsel) did not want to make the slightest reflection on the honesty or the good intentions of the magistrates in the present case, but just as much harm was often done by well-meaning people as by those who set out to do wrong. The comment contained in the article was justified.

Mrs. Lily Cecilia Winifred Apsey, of Elm Road, New Malden, Surrey, wife of a bricklayer in regular employment, and Harry's elder sister, giving evidence, said that she had three children, the oldest of whom was four years old and the youngest seven months.

When her mother and Harry first appeared before the magistrates on October 5, 1934, she told the Bench that she would give the boy a home if her mother were sent to an institution to be cured of her mental trouble, but not if she was let out then before she was cured.

The case was adjourned until October 10 for the mother to be dealt with, and meanwhile Harry stayed with her (the witness). She sent him to school. When the probation officer called, she (the witness) said that Harry could have a room in her house, which was then unoccupied, and which she would have redecorated and furnished for him. She told the probation officer that she would keep the windows of the boy's room open and would send him to Sunday school.

On October 10 her mother had been certified. She (the witness) told the magistrates that she and her husband were willing to give the boy a home and that, if he did not get on at school, she and her sister would send him to evening classes. She also said that, if she could not have the boy, her brother would give him a home.

Sir William Jowitt: Were you fond of the boy?—Very fond of him.

Three children

Mrs. Apsey said that Colonel Rowland-Hill, after mentioning some other occupations, asked the boy if he would like to be a soldier, and the boy said "Yes." Colonel Rowland-Hill said that he should go to a big school, where he would learn to do well in the Army. The boy then started crying, and she (the witness) said: "Don't you want to go to school?" He said: "No." She said: "Tell the magistrates, then." The boy then said: "I don't want to go to school. I want to go with my sisters."

Was he very distressed?—Yes.

Cross-examined, Mrs. Apsey agreed that she had three children to look after.

Sir Patrick Hastings: Harry has never been so happy in his life as he is now?—He is not happy. He told my sister that he would rather be with us.

Mrs. Apsey agreed that her mother [who has since been released from the mental home] ought not to have charge of the boy yet, but she thought that her mother would let her have him.

What, in your heart of hearts, is the best thing for this boy?—I think that, whatever your mother is like and ever your home is like, your home best place for you if your mother is to you.

Harry did not cry in the Court you cried?—We were crying first, b were not near him.

Mrs. Phyllis Agnes Hoy, of Elm New Malden, wife of an ironfounde younger sister of Harry, said tha had two children, aged two and a years and nine months.

She also told the magistrates tha would give the boy a home, bu magistrates ignored what she an sister said. The boy was crying b the magistrates left the Bench. Sh very attached to the boy and she very distressed.

In March she visited the boy a school. She thought that it was a nice school and that the headm was a very nice man, but, when she Harry out, he said that he would r be at home. He did not say that h unhappy, but he was very quiet an could see that he was unhappy.

Mrs. Hoy's denial

Cross-examined, Mrs. Hoy d that, after seeing the school, she that she was satisfied that the m trates had done the best thing fo boy. She did say that, if she died would not mind her children goin the school, but she did not mean that would be so if she had relatives were willing to take the children.

Sir Patrick Hastings: It was a te difficult thing to know what to do Harry when his mother was taken from him?—I do not see that it w

Mr. William Taylor, school attend officer for the Surrey Education mittee, said that after he had enq into the case of Harry he gave evi before the magistrates on Octobe 1934. He asked the magistrates if would place the boy on probation in care of Mrs. Apsey so that arrangem could be made between the proba officer and the boy's guardian to see the lad attended school up to the of 15.

He heard Mrs. Apsey tell the B that she had had a letter from brother saying that he would help boy if he were put in his care that of Mrs. Apsey. Colonel Row Hill asked the boy what he would to be, and, after mentioning several pations, to which the boy made no r he said: "Would not you like to soldier like your father?" The boy "Yes, sir," very quietly.

When the magistrates said that boy would be sent to a school, he into tears.

School attendances

Cross-examined, the witness said he had no idea how often Harry attended school between January May, 1934. Between May and Oct he only had 14 attendances.

Sir Patrick Hastings: His m objected to his going to school?—Ye

And the other members of his fa had no control over the boy?—Non all, but they wanted him to go to sc

As desperate a condition for a b that age to be in as one could imagine?—Yes.

In re-examination, the witness that he reported that Harry's chara health, and home surroundings good. Most of the boys whom he known sent to approved schools sent there for stealing or commit some minor offence.

Mr. Theobald Smith, school att ance officer for the borough of Kens ton, said that, according to his reco tion, Colonel Rowland-Hill did not Harry if he would like to join the A

Cross-examined, Mr. Smith said nothing occurred during the hearin Harry's case to suggest that the m strates were using the Juvenile Cour a recruiting office.

Mr. Herbert Stanley Chambers, porter on the *Surrey Comet*, said according to his recollection, it Colonel Rowland-Hill and not the who made the suggestion about the being a soldier.

Sir Patrick Hastings (cross-exa

(Continued on page 38)

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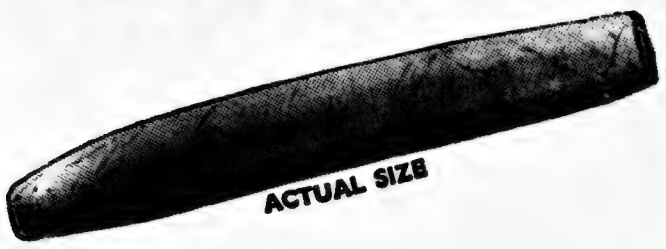

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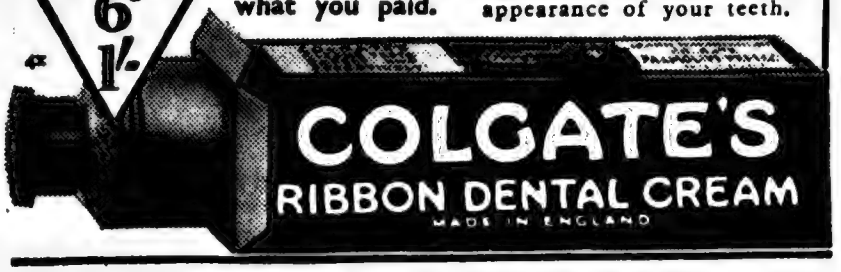

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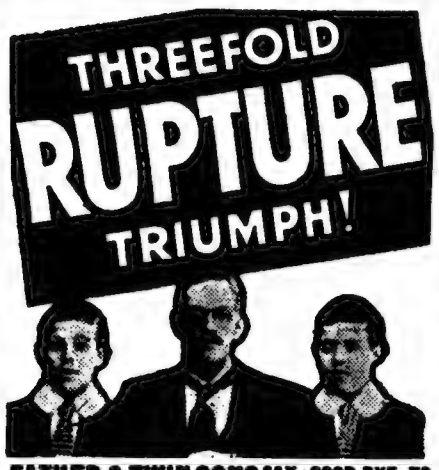

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MINUTE *that meant* MOST to ME

HOPE deferred maketh the heart sick, so little garments were put away and forgotten. Six long years passed, long lonely years, then came the decisive minute.

I sat benumbed, worried; until a grave-faced man leaned over the banister and whispered that which made me whoop.

My son is, as I write, trying to stand on his head by the garage, while his sister is busy making little garments for a doll. They cause me many anxious minutes, but I'll never forget the drama of the seconds illumined by one word: "Twins!"—"*Foreman,*" *Woodthorpe.*

IT FITTED

We had been nearly two years at work on the great bridge over the South African river. I was one of the engineers in charge, and perched precariously astride a crossbar I watched the crane lower into position the girder which would link together the two sides of the bridge.

As the girder slowly neared its resting place the tension was almost unbearable. If there had been no mistake it would fit exactly; if not. . . .

A long minute passed before the centre section slipped accurately into place.—*T. A., Loughborough.*

JUST CLEAR

A mechanic in a garage, I was one of two men changing the front axle of a five-ton omnibus.

When everything was ready, one man had to steer the axle clear front, and the other had to lie underneath and guide it from the rear. After the axle was clear, I remained to fit two new shackles to the springs.

I had just completed the job and crawled from underneath, when a minute later a jack pawl broke and the chassis crashed down on the spot where I had lain. That minute saved my life.—"*Fitter,*" *Stanley.*

SAVED

At the wheel of the windjammer on which I was making my first voyage, I was suddenly overcome with sickness. I asked the mate to let me off for a few minutes.

"All right," he shouted, taking over the wheel, "but be back in just one minute, or——" But I had gone to find relief.

A shout made me look round, and I saw a huge breaker strike the starboard aft, and the mate and wheel disappeared. It was only when the crippled craft arrived back in port for the enquiry that I realised I had been saved from a watery grave by one minute's grace.—*W. D. R., Hillfields.*

"I WILL"

Nearly forty years ago, standing at the altar, my wife and I agreed to take each other for better or for worse.

Much has happened since that day. We have been through good times and bad; we have been rich and we have been poor; together we have experienced life and adventures in all parts of the world.

But the minute that has meant most to me was when, standing in the little village church, I said those little words: "I will."—"Sussex," Tottenham.

FELL CLEAR

The heavy cart went over a bump, and I, the small boy stealing a ride on the back, fell off. My foot caught in the wheel, and for a nauseating moment, as I hung head downwards, I thought it would be wrenched off.

The massive grinding wheel revolved, but I fell clear, and the driver went unaware of my narrow escape. I cra the few yards to my home in agony.

After days in hospital the minute meant most to me arrived. The photograph showed that my foot was sound, and that I should walk aga. *A. S., Northampton.*

LOST CONTROL

During the war, whilst recovering a severe leg wound, I was taken ou a bath-chair by an elderly attend For some unknown reason he lost trol, and I went careering madly do steep incline. I crashed into a hedg the bottom of the hill, and rema jammed until rescued by some passer

From that moment my leg, which been as stiff as a ramrod, and whi had given up hopes of ever becom anything else but a "swinger," bega improve.

That hectic minute m more to me than a month massage.—*F. T. Surrey.*

NO REGRETS

"I'll give you a minut decide!" My employer, a who liked quick decisions, offering me an agency with firm in the North of Engl For many reasons I had desire to leave London, among them being a cer young lady who had prom to be my wife.

For those sixty seconds future was at stake. Sh I take it or not?

At last I said, "I'll tak sir!" I have never regre that decision; neither has wife, for it has meant prosp beyond our dreams.—*X. Yorkshire.*

SWIFT THOUGHT

Looking through the wi I was horrified to see my girl dart into the roadway a ball. She was right in path of an oncoming lorry.

My heart stood still shrieked aloud with fear, but wit the slightest hesitation the d swerved, crashed into, and demolish high stone wall.

Those seconds of swift thought heroic action saved the life of my c but to the driver it unfortunately bro long weeks of suffering which left h permanent cripple.—"*Homeleigh,*" *Gl*

CRISIS

Worn and weary with watching, I s beside the man who would prese bring relief and gladness to my hear a sickening sense of despair. In minute I should know the worst—or best.

The doctor leaned over the inert of my boy, and withdrew the tiny tube. Then, shaking down the mer of his thermometer, he turned to me a smile.

"The crisis is past," he said. " recover now."—"*Mother,*" *Southall.*

MOMENTARY PAUSE

A few years ago when touring N Wales I pulled up my car for a mo in order to admire the view from beautiful coast road that skirts Card Bay.

Hardly had the vehicle come to a when the roadway for a distanc twenty yards in front was suddenly s away by a huge landslide which ca away hundreds of tons of rock.

But for that momentary pause family and myself must have perish *C. C., Somerset.*

* * *

An anxious moment—hours it seem and the doctor turned to me with a s and said: "Mummy will soon be b now." That minute meant most to because I knew that my mother a would soon be adding to the enjoy times we had so recently had.—"*Mot Boy,*" *Staffs.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMEN

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The "Open Letter" I'd like to Write

The "John Bull" Libel Case (*Continued from page 36*)

ing): Did anything happen which made the Court like a recruiting office?—No. Nothing.

Mr. Justice Swift: Did it occur to you that the "limits of injustice had been reached"?—No, my Lord.

Mr. John Austin, the editor of JOHN BULL, said that JOHN BULL had criticised the administration of the care and protection sections of the Children Act. He passed the article complained of because he considered that the sentence on Harry was monstrous and was absolutely unnecessary, since the Children Act provided an alternative of which the magistrates could have availed themselves, because he wanted to draw public attention to the case, and because he wanted the case brought to the notice of the Home Secretary, so that, by revising the sentence, the Home Secretary might draw the attention of magistrates to the fact that a boy should not be sent to an approved school when there was a home to which he could go.

Cross-examined, Mr. Austin said that he did not agree that he had put Colonel Rowland-Hill in the "rogues' gallery" of JOHN BULL.

He agreed that the placard exhibited by JOHN BULL might lead people to think that some innocent boy had been unjustly punished at Kingston.

Sir Patrick Hastings: Is there, in your opinion, anything honest in giving that as a view of what happened in this case?—Certainly.

Did you ever suggest directly to the Home Office that the slightest injustice had been done to Harry?—No.

Did you communicate with any member of Parliament and put the facts before him?—I did not.

Is it not the truth that this article was written merely to sell your newspaper and not in the slightest degree to protect the interests of Harry?—Not at all.

Mr. Austin added that he brought the matter before the authorities and the public through the medium of JOHN BULL.

In re-examination, Mr. Austin said that he had had direct communication with the Home Office in connection with the administration of the Children Act. He was asked to give the Act a chance. He did so and watched the administration of the Act for a year.

When the case was resumed on Tuesday, May 21, counsel addressed the jury and his Lordship summed up.

After an absence of two hours and a half the jury returned and announced that they were unable to agree. They were accordingly discharged without giving a verdict.

Solicitors.—Messrs. Wilkinson, Howlett and Moorhouse; Messrs. Lewis and Lewis.

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To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £388 17s. 10d. will be sent.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, June 11, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £250 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 169 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £1 9s. 8d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified. An extra £250 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted four 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

A Life Pension of 30/- a week and £300 in cash and a £30 Holiday Cheque annually for life (or a lump sum of £850) must be won in this week's "John Bull" Crossword on Page 40. There are also big cash awards for runners-up. Make up your mind to enter this Contest NOW.

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.....that's all I pay for my favourite Shag.....and thousands more agree that "Digger" is the finest Empire Grown Tobacco, for it has a larger sale than any other Tobacco in the Country.

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Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. P.D. 33

NEW NERVES FOR OLD

The ALADDIN'S LAMP of TONICS

Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man or woman of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"FOX NUTS" (the "Blue Lion" kind)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness: have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 1.9 (50), 2.6 (72), 4.6 (144), 13 - (432).

Privately packed and post free from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.

(Dept. J.B. 97, 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

"PYLITNA" FOR PILES.

"Pylitna" Brand Powders. Prescribed by Doctors. Guaranteed entirely harmless. Many operations avoided. Thousands of testimonials. Of Chemists or direct (postage 3d. extra), 5/- and 2/9 box. *FREE interesting, helpful booklet sent under plain cover.*

G. S. MUMFORD & SONS, 169, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

When we eat too much, our food decays in our bowels. Our friends smell this decay coming out of our mouth and call it bad breath. We feel the poison of this decay all over our body. It makes us gloomy and grouchy. It makes us feel no good for anything.

What makes the food decay in the bowels? Well, when we eat too much, our bile juice can't digest it. What is the bile juice? It is the most vital digestive juice in our body. Unless two pints of it are flowing from our liver into our bowels every day, our movements get hard and constipated, and three-quarters of our food decays in our 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over our body every six minutes.

When our friends smell our bad breath (but we don't) and we feel like a whipped tomcat, don't waste time and money on useless remedies. Get at the cause. Take Carters Little Liver Pills which gently start the flow of your bile juice. But if "something better" is offered you, don't buy it, for it may be a calomel (mercury) pill which loosens teeth, gripes and scalds the return in many people. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills by name and get what you ask for—1/3 and 3/-.

Huge X-word Holiday Prize!

Win this REGULAR INCOME AND THIS BIG CHEQUE . . .

30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE AND £300 AND £30

HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY
Commencing 1935

308

£150 Increased Holiday Prize for Runners-up

EXTRA HOLIDAY BONUS £100 for Runners-up from whom we receive two 6d. entries in one envelope

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise Award with £1 Bonus Offer
• TO BE DESPATCHED WED., JULY 3

If preferred One Lump Sum of £850 will be paid in place of 3-in-1 Award

IT will soon be time to fix up your holidays, but how much money have you saved for your week by the sea? Let an entertaining half-hour with this "John Bull" Crossword enable you to enjoy the seaside in comfort.

Heading this week's big Offer, however, there is a fine 3-in-1 First Prize which means much more than just one Crossword Holiday for its winner, which may well be you.

First, it provides a Life Pension of 30s. Weekly; to give you money galore as well as future security there is a £300 cheque. And to complete this splendid reward for alone solving an amusing problem there is a £30 Holiday Cheque this year, next year and every year as long as you live!

Runners-up are to share the increased sum of £150 in Holiday Cash, with another £100 in Bonuses as announced. Further, there is an unlimited batch of Surprise Awards for those who just miss the cash prizes.

Start now on that first Clue, then go carefully on through the rest, but see that your squares are in by noon, Thursday, June 6, or you will be too late!

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. a week, £300 in cash and a £30 holiday prize annually for life (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £150 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be shared by Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 13, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 20.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 308—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1935

J B 308

J B 308

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

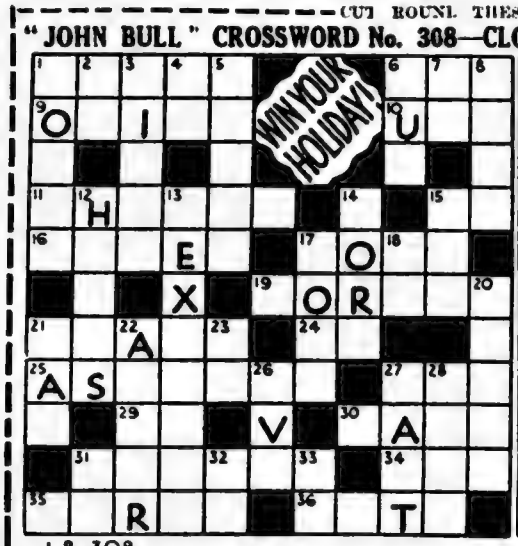
SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 308—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1935



J B 308

J B 308

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No .....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "John Bull" Crossword No. 308, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp).

ACCEPT FREE X-WORD HELP!

Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address, Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Solutions of "John Bull" X-Words Nos. 305 & 306.

Winners in Crossword No. 305 appear on page 39. Winners in Crossword No. 306 will be published next week. The Solutions of "John Bull" Crosswords Nos. 305 and 306 are given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

J B 305

J B 306

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. They cover roofs and heads
6. —and this is often out on them at night
9. Be of opinion
10. Makes car second-hand
11. Family treasures are stored in these
15. Cut down gate
16. Play their part in big fire
17. Garden's produce depends on this
19. Dislikes being prodded into activity
21. Conductor's keep orchestra in time
24. Both ends of leek
25. Criminal's name is, often
27. Half washed
29. Take centre from top
30. Pursuit of crook makes this essential
31. Shouted loudly
34. Belonging to it
35. Workman returns home with heavy step when he's this
36. Dangerous ones should be shut up

DOWN

1. Switch enables you to get light in a room with one
2. Middle of pipe
3. You can tell character of people by these
4. End without end
5. St. Paul's contained many on Jubilee Day
6. Always keep your hand steady whenever handling this
7. Nearly a donkey
8. Infant's milk should come easily through this
12. Coming of war will certainly shatter
13. Six-fold
14. Disposes of weeds in the garden
15. Supplied by pub
17. Stories of hardship often are, to editor
18. Remove both ends from bike
20. These help the landscape gardener
21. Sponge is often seen in this
22. Star-like flower
23. Same without vowels
26. Cain's mother
27. Parlourmaids do this at table
28. They go on the Statute Book
31. Yield starts with
32. Ends yield
33. Fourth and sixteenth letters

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 6, 1935.

2.—**In addition to two sixpenny entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette."**

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 20, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, July 2, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £150. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

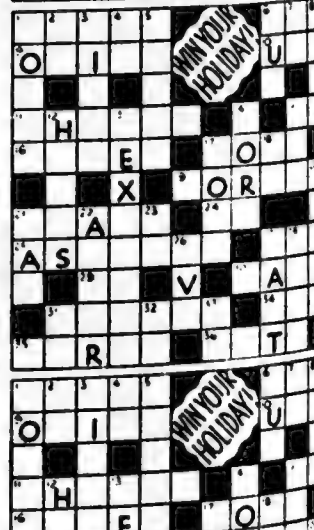
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.

A special prize of £5 will be awarded [illegible] from whom this contest's first Prize winner [illegible] chooses his copy of "John Bull." Should there be [illegible] shared the £5 will be divided between [illegible]

THE KID

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE EDITOR *Laughs Last*

A. D. (Poole).—"Not many men know how to sail a yacht." Yet they don't hesitate to tell their sons how to do so at the paddling pools.

WRESTLER (Blackfriars).—"I spend my spare time gazing in shop windows." Looking for a pull-over?

T. T. (Putney).—"As an employer, I wish prefer the men who cycle to work." I find they have more push?

E. F. (Egremont).—"My son wants to be a racing motorist. What should I do?" Don't stand in his way.

H. (Lowestoft).—"Where do you think Glamorgan will be at the end of the cricket season?" In Wales.

NATURALIST (Chester).—"Some insects die after stinging a man." Providing his aim is good.

O. (Manchester).—"Every husband and wife should have a joint account." They generally have—at the butcher's.

MRS. W. (Carlisle).—"What happens to the woolly jumpers of the early Spring?" They provide the summer's mutton.

R. R. (Oxford).—"Barometers are dear just now." They generally go up in summer.

ELECTRICIAN (Bedford).—"How often do you see people picking up a live wire with their hands?" Once.

S. S. (Chorley Wood).—"There is nothing to touch my house in the whole world." It's detached, we presume.

PAM (Bristol).—"A packer in our factory weighs eighteen stones." A heavy-weight boxer?

D. C. (Stoke).—"How do you explain the miracle of a tiny seed becoming a beautiful flower?" The sparrows must have overlooked it.

COLLECTOR (Ipswich).—"One postage stamp that I possess measures nine inches by five inches." That would take some licking!

SWIMMER (Broadstairs).—"We are constantly hearing fresh jokes about people swimming the Channel." And they usually get over.

STATIONER (Reading).—"One of my tuppenny elastic bands can hold over a dozen large volumes together." That's stretching it a bit, isn't it?

OBSERVER (Hammersmith).—"There's one thing about cornet playing that the average street performer seems to miss." We know—the right notes.

A. P. (Balham).—"Don't you think we should drop all those silly jokes about late home-coming husbands?" Let them rest in peace!

D. P. (Ealing).—"I see that the directors of a match concern came to blows at a recent meeting." Well, one expects matches heads to flare up.

SIXTH (Launceston).—"Parents welcome school holidays as much as we schoolboys." A break from helping with the homework?

R. N. (Tipton).—"Because I haven't had my allotment yet, all sorts of strange labours are going around." A different sort of crop then?

A. E. R. (Ilfracombe).—"Our camping ground was washed out, because the farmer wouldn't let us use his pump." He threw cold water on it.

J. T. (Ayr).—"Can you tell me what a team of young footballers can practise during the summer to help them win the league next season?" Heading it.

STUDENT (Bloomsbury).—"To get to the head of his profession a doctor must be always taking pains." Not mistaking them.

S. W. (Halifax).—"I fail to see how judges can be overworked, considering the holidays they get." But they have a trying time.

DORIS (Chelmsford).—"I am too keen on tennis to have any time for young men." You realise that love means nothing to you?

GEORGE (Parkstone).—"I am a little disappointed with my new car, for whilst the engine is good, the body and suspension are noisy." A rattling good car, in fact!

VICTORIAN (Cheltenham).—"Young folk of to-day are very different from those of my youth." In many dis-respects?

E. P. (Aldershot).—"A good husband always remembers his wife's birthday." But not which one it is.

R. C. M. (Slough).—"I had to complain to the inspector about the smell coming from the river." Did he look into it?

C. K. (Hunstanton)).—"Since buying a greenhouse, I've broken myself of one very bad habit." Throwing stones?

H. N. (Balham).—"All the members of the jazz band were down with fever." Had they been playing something catchy?

CYCLIST (Harrow).—"When a motorist backed out of a side turning without warning and knocked me over I lost my temper." Naturally you were upset.

N. V. (Addiscombe).—"After seeing the colourful painting, the sitter rushed after the artist, sobbing loudly." A hue and cry?

R. E. L. (Reading).—"For some time I suffered from frequent nose-bleeding, which I have cured by dieting." Especially avoiding scraps?

L. M. (Portsmouth).—"With a few cutting remarks I tore the explanation of the committee to ribbons." In other words, you made a slashing attack.

F. L. (Eastbourne).—"I see that an explorer was recently eaten by cannibals." Thus fulfilling his determination to journey into the unknown interior.

ORGANISER (Lewisham).—"The inmates were most anxious that they should see the conjuror do the same tricks as last year." He had done them before.

L. L. (Fleet).—"At the fete I spent all my money throwing at the 'smashing crockery' stall." And broke yourself doing so?

C. J. (Newquay).—"When in bathing costumes some middle-aged men are seen to have boyish figures." Others are seen to have buoyish figures.

M. B. (Harrow).—"When a man is at home with his children for the day, the time soon slips away." And so does the man, if he gets a chance.

GROCER (Birmingham).—"Because my assistant stuck the wrong labels on various tins I'm losing customers every week." They're falling off.

AHEAD (Seaford).—"Illuminated aeroplanes flying at night are being used to advertise seaside resorts." In the hope of sending up the number of visitors.

ALPENSTOCK (Geneva).—"I have written a series of informative articles for all would-be mountaineers on every branch of climbing." A wide range?

T. T. (Balham).—"Nobody has any idea of all-in wrestling unless he has done some." And then, of course, it's a very rough idea.

MISS F. (Portobello).—"What is the name for a man who knows all about the hundreds of bones that are in the human body?" Amateur skater.

M. W. (Burnley).—"How many cases of quintuplets have there been?" Two in all—the Canadian troupe and the five-in-one First Prize offered for a *Bullet* on page 43.

SHOPKEEPER (Strand, W.C.).—"I made a very special effort and sold a portmanteau to every customer who came into my shop last Wednesday." You bagged the lot.

A. R. (Bathgate).—"A party of explorers claim that they have found the world's largest palm." Our small nephew says he knows the schoolmaster they're referring to.

P. N. (London, W.).—"I found I had been walking in the park with a ticket marked 'Sale price 5½d.' which some idiot had stuck on my back." You must have felt cheap

(Some replies unavoidably held over)

What Is Your Child's Health Worth to You?

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child, nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances—she will never gamble with 'cheap' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach 'upsets' she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Always remember it is absolutely safe and there is nothing 'just as good.'

1/3 *per bottle.* 2/6 *treble size.*

Also 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' brand TABLETS. Mint flavoured. Children take them eagerly. 1/- per box — also family size bottle 2/-; of all chemists.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan

BRAND

PILE REMEDY

£100 plus £10 plus £110

Are you a "PLUS" READER?

ARE you a PLUS reader of JOHN BULL? But perhaps you don't know what that signifies. It means that if you have been a registered reader of JOHN BULL for three months or more a Bonus of 10 per cent. will be added to any benefit you may be entitled to receive under JOHN BULL'S great Free Family Insurance Gift—in other words, you become a "plus" reader.

For example, should you be entitled to receive a Benefit of £100 under JOHN BULL'S comprehensive Free Family Insurance Gift, *you will receive, as a "plus" reader, a cheque for* £100 *plus* 10 *per cent., making a total of* £110, *and so on.*

JOHN BULL is the only paper in the world to recognise the loyalty of its Registered readers in such a unique and practical manner.

Look what a JOHN BULL reader said about JOHN BULL'S Insurance Gift and its Bonus scheme, when he wrote to us acknowledging receipt of Benefit:

"*I wish to thank you for your cheque and your generous treatment of the matter. No Insurance Company to which premiums had been paid, could have been more prompt, polite and gentlemanly.*

Your bonus to me as a registered reader of over three months' standing is also greatly appreciated."

This Bonus to "plus" readers is just ONE of the splendid exclusive features of JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Gift. Do you know that JOHN BULL is the only paper to safeguard your home against the ravages and distress caused by Fire, Storm and Flood damage, and to pay Benefits for Sickness?

And there are still other generous Benefits by which JOHN BULL protects you and yours. For instance—Accidents in Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Loss by Burglary, Children's Accidents, etc.

Think! Security for you and your family every day of the year. Free! All you have to do is to complete the Forms below. Do it NOW, and enjoy peace of mind, happy in the knowledge that should occasion arise JOHN BULL is ready to come to your aid.

"John Bull"—The *ONLY* paper to provide Benefits for Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Form to your Newsagent**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 1/6/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address..... of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.** J.B. 1/6/35

They LAUGHED at her "Bullets" —now Mother's WON £750!

TWO proud parents and their little girl of five gave the assistants in a big West Hartlepool store a busy time one recent Saturday. Before they left the shop they had selected complete furniture for their youngster's bedroom—and the whole transaction had cost them not even a penny!

Only the previous day, you see, Mrs. W. A. Gordon had received the biggest thrill of her life—our famous *Bullets* First Prize telegram. From it she learnt that in our 981st Contest she had won £750 cash and a fully furnished "Jubilee Room."

* * *

"As soon as I could think clearly," Mrs. Gordon told me, writes a JOHN BULL representative who chatted with this winner in her home at "Kirkside," Hart Lane, West Hartlepool, "I decided that our 'Jubilee Room' should be Gabrielle's. But it was quite a while before I could think at all!"

One single "Target" prize—that was the only return Mrs. Gordon had secured for her *Bullets* until that Wonderful Friday arrived.

"It just shows you what you can do if you try," she said. "Some of my sceptical friends will think differently about *Bullets* now. After all, it's just common-sense that what I can do others can do also if they set their minds to it."

One of the most confirmed sceptics about her *Bullets* ability, I learnt, was Mr. Gordon himself, who is employed in the office of William Gray and Co., shipbuilders.

"I never expected her to win," he admitted. "And I'm afra she's never had the slightest encourag ment from me.

Still, but for a spare-time activity Mr. Gordon's, his wife might never ha thought of her ingenious First Pr *Bullet*, MARCH OF TIME—THAT'S FRIE SHIP'S "TEST PIECE." As a member of quartette, he used to study test pie for local singing contests. Remembe ing that gave Mrs. Gordon the phrase s wanted for her *Bullet*.

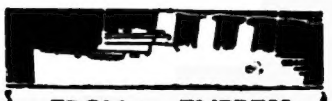
Her best lessons in making *Bullets*, M Gordon assured me, were provided by t free budget of help and encouragemen which reached her by post every Thur day from JOHN BULL.

"I'm quite certain that I should ne have won without *Bullets Bulletin*," s declared. "I can't understand why su a valuable help to win prize should be free."

With her £750 cheq Mrs. Gordon intends buy a car, give her fami a splendid holiday, an by banking the rest, pr vide a safeguard agai a rainy day.

* * *

Your holidays for 1 and your future can be assured by winn the fine First Prize offer this week. Study its fi big attractions, all roll into one huge reward f a few words; then s busy on selecting t words for your *Bullets*.



FROM s.s. EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

Leaving New York for last week of glorious holiday, World cruise winners send "John Bull" warmest thanks and extend cordial greetings to all Bulleteers everywhere.

Turner.

"Bullets" World Cruise Travellers, home this week, send final message above. Look out for next huge World Cruise prize coming soon!

£782 10s. CASH AND OVER 100 RADIO SETS AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE, £500—COMPETITION NO. 982
A. HENDERSON, 43, Worsley Avenue, Moston, Manchester.
Example: GENEVA'S VOICE
Bullet: "LEAVE YER BROTHER ALONE!"

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

H. FARRAR, 97, St. Oswald Road, Lupset, Wakefield.
Example: When Hitler Speaks
Bullet: Voice Vibrates—"Voiceless" Tremble.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

D. R. SANDS, 251, Marlboro' Road, Gillingham, Kent.
Example: Woke Up The M.P.
Bullet: "It Is Time, Gentlemen——."

FOURTH PRIZE OF £20:

C. H. SIMMS, 47, De Beauvoir Road, Reading.
Example: George And Mary
Bullet: "Natural" As Our Loyalty.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" Coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Miss G. DYSON, Brunswick Hotel, Lockwood, Huddersfield.
Example: When Father's Gardening
Bullet: Barrow's Full—Of Father!

10 PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

R. BEDFORD, 91, Perry Street, Northampton.
Scandalous — Clearing Name — "Cleaned" Pockets.

C. R. CORSBIE, 57, Bracondale, Norwich.
Geneva's Voice—*And* Mars' Sides, "Shaking."

F. FOX, 34, Glencoe Street, Hull.
When Father's Gardening—"Bends Over"—Nature "Canes."

H. HICKMAN, 4, Hatton Avenue, Wellingborough.
New Menace—Makes "Old Ones" Pale.

Mrs. J. P. KING, 269, Ferndale Road, Swindon.
Girl Next Door—Cinema Attendant—Sandy's "Star."
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. L. PASSMORE, 58, Birchfield Road, Northampton.
George And Mary—Lives "Floodlit"—And Lovelit.

Miss SHEWELL, 195, Bournemouth Road, Parkstone.
George And Mary—Imagine You're Driving, Motorists!

L. SIMMONDS, 22, Bloomhill Close, Moorend Nr. Doncaster.
George And Mary—Rain—Shine—Reign "Shining."

F. W. STUCKEY, 18b, Spring Gardens, W mouth.
Pride Of The Family—Often The "One F ing."

A. WALTERS, Croxton, Priory Avenue, Taunt
When Hitler Speaks—Hubby "Raises Arm —Defensively!

10 OF £2 10s. EACH:

Miss I. BRADLEY, 91, Azenby Road, Peckha
Closing His Eyes—Baby—To Yell Louder!

S. CONLONG, 20, Oldham Road, Royton, Lan
Without A Gun—*Expelled* From Sonn "League."

T. DONALDSON, Rampart Street, Dromore,
Down.
The Wrong Horse — War-horse — Gen Hoarse, Warning.

T. W. DUNN, 88, Danson Lane, Welling, K
Just Escaped — Pedestrian — And Loo "Mad"!

J. FOX, 63, Willow Terrace, Handforth.
Girl Next Door—Dropped Handkerchief—O Fence!

F. G. GRIFFITHS, 183, Luton Road, Chatham
The Wrong Horse—But Another Sup Bookie.

Miss H. W. PAUL, Hideville, Kinnaskers Nr. Torquay.
When Father's Gardening—Old Bon Soon Discovered.

E. C. TACKLEY, 17, Ludgersh Road, T worth.
When Father's Gardening—Groans O Overgrown Undergrowth

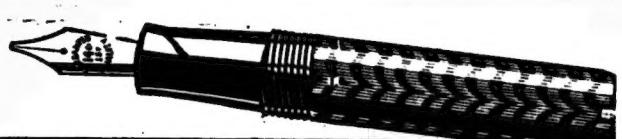
G. TURNER, 35, Pond Street, Sheffield.
Thankless Task—Sonny Thinks Thanks Anyone.

E. YARDLEY, 34, Lynton Road, Kilburn, N
Girl Next Door—"Silly"—Soon's Still Wa

Each of the above winners will also receive £10 10s. Radio Set, as will 80 others. A list these, together with 500 2s. 6d. winners, can seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN... OFFER



CASH THE COUPONS

'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

VALUE 3d

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9,** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2

FIVE FINE PRIZES FOR *ONE* 'BULLET'

Huge New One-week Attraction

1 £500 2 £20 HOLIDAY CHEQUE YEARLY FOR LIFE

3 SURPRISE AWARD VALUE OVER.. £30

4 £185 MOTOR-CAR

Luxurious New Wolseley "Hornet"

5 ...and JUBILEE REVIEW CRUISE

in Luxury for Two

Winner and companion travel first-class to Southampton on Monday, July 15, embark in s.s. 'St. Briac' and proceed to Solent to witness Spithead Review and illuminations on July 16, returning home on July 17. Luxurious accommodation reserved through out for 'John Bull's' guests.

10,572 OTHER PRIZES

SECOND PRIZE £50 — 10 of £5 · 10 of £2.10s. · 50 of 10/- · 500 of 2/6 · 2,000 'Red Seals' · 8,000 'Targets' — THIRD PRIZE £25

HUGE 5-in-1 FIRST PRIZE or, ONE LUMP SUM OF £750

ENTER BY SAT., JUNE 8, FOR THIS HUGE 5-IN-1 PRIZE!

To have £500 in the bank, to own a luxurious new car, receive a Record Surprise Award value over £30 and draw a £20 Yearly Holiday Cheque for Life—surely that would be a magnificent 4-in-1 reward to secure in exchange for the few simple words that go to make a *Bullet*! And when you consider that this week's huge First also includes a visit for the winner and chosen companion to the historic Jubilee Review at Spithead on July 15, you will agree that this is one of the most attractive First Prizes ever offered in the long history of *Bullets*.

On your return, just when the country and seaside are looking their best, your fine £185 Wolseley "Hornet" Saloon Car, that £500 Fortune and the first of your Holiday Pension Cheques would bring to you and your family a summer you would always remember—and years of happiness to follow.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

WHEN starting to make *Bullets*, remember that each effort must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words which link up aptly with the *Example* and express your meaning in clear and original phrasing.

For instance, you might take the *Example* WHEN FATHER PLAYS, and add as your first thought, *An Extra Ace, What A Scene!* A few minutes' search for better phrasing and you could readily condense that to the finished *Bullet*, WHEN FATHER PLAYS—FOUR ACES—OUR FACES!

This is the way in which most successful *Bullets* are made—and the one most likely to bring one of your efforts up to the standard of the list of winning efforts in this week's result which appears on the previous page.

After a careful study of these winners, begin on your efforts, remembering that this Contest is open only until Saturday, June 8, and that this is your one opportunity to enter for its 10,573 prizes.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WHEN BRITAIN LOOKS UP
ANOTHER RECORD
ON WHEELS
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION
IN THE DAYS OF OLD
HIS OFFICE
TO KEEP EUROPE QUIET
IRON DISCIPLINE
BOWLED OUT THE VICAR
SPREADING LIKE WILD-FIRE
WIPED AWAY
SPELLS TROUBLE
WITH A TUG
STUNNED HIM
DOWN IN THE MOUTH
SAID TO THE PATIENT
JAUNTILY
"I TOLD YOU SO!"
HE'S A CROOK, SO
HIS PIPE
FRIGHTENED EVERYBODY
NOT CONVINCING
BITTER RIVALS
TOLD OFF
STUMPED
WHEN FATHER PLAYS
PACKING
APPEALS TO HER
IDEAL HOLIDAY
ORDERS
AIR OF UNEASINESS
HOT AND BOTHERED
THROWN OUT
HEARD AT THE "SHIP"
YOUTH v. AGE
UPSET THE CONDUCTOR

SAVE MONEY by enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords, and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance FREE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD.

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to cover postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE. | AFFIX 1½d. STAMP HERE.

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford Street London, W.C.2.

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupons on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" or enter further "Bullets" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £750 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 981 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Geo. Mechin, 23, Hart Lane, West Hartlepool.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(986) Closing SAT., June 8. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(986) Closing SAT., June 8. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Signed ..... Address .....

"Bullets" must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(986) Closing SAT., June 8. | P.O. No ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(986) Closing SAT., June 8. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s | Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(986) Closing SAT., June 8. | P.O. No. ..... | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. | Signed ..... Address .....

NEWSAGENTS PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 986 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 986, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Every man without exception should send the Coupon below at once for special Free Trial Supplies of the following 2 perfect aids to the toilet.

HARLENE HAIR CREAM

What's Fred been doing to his hair?

Everybody has noticed it. He is looking so smart and so well groomed lately! Even after the hardest day his hair is still sleek and shining and unruffled. Fred has been using **HARLENE HAIR CREAM**—the latest and best Hair Toilet Aid for men. It gives an air of distinction and a sleekness and polish which is eminently natural, and sets the hair without the least semblance of hardness. **HARLENE HAIR CREAM** is sold by all Chemists and Stores, price 7½d., 1/1½ and 2/- per bottle.

Send the Coupon below at once for **YOUR** Free Bottle and you will also receive a generous Trial Tube of—

Harlene SOAPLESS BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM

SAVES TROUBLE—because it does away with soap, brush, and shaving pot, and renders it unnecessary to shave twice a day as some men are forced to do!

SAVES TIME—because it enables you to shave in 5 minutes instead of 15 minutes, saving 60 HOURS a year!

SAVES RAZOR BLADES—because the hair is cut more easily and the keen edge of the blade lasts longer.

SAVES THE SKIN—because the creamy base is a skin food. It keeps your face satiny, soft, and youthful.

All Chemists and Stores 6d. and 1/- per Tube.

Also invaluable to Ladies.

2 FREE GIFTS COUPON

Send this Coupon with 3d. stamps and your name and address for Free 5-day Tube of "Harlene" Soapless, Brushless Shaving Cream and a Sample Bottle of "Harlene" Hair Cream to **EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H.S.961), 20/26, LAMB'S CONDUIT STREET LONDON, W.C.1.**

(Stamp envelope with 1½d. stamp.)

This offer does not apply to I.F.S.

100,000 FREE Hair Health Gifts

Magnificent 'HARLENE' HAIR-DRILL Offer To All with Dull, Thin, Lifeless and Falling Hair!

You'd Never Believe It Was The Same Woman.

Look at the difference "Harlene Hair-Drill" makes. Growth, Lustre and Luxuriance restored. Send for your Free Gift Parcel NOW.

Thousands upon thousands of men and women, worried by hair troubles, have accepted the famous 'Harlene' Offer of FREE TRIAL SUPPLIES of any THREE of the wonderful preparations described here. And they have been absolutely amazed at the improvement in their hair . . . even after seven days! If you are worried by

APPROACHING BALDNESS, SKIMPY HAIR, HAIR COMING OUT, BRITTLE, SPLITTING or IMPOVERISHED HAIR

prove, once and for all, how easily these hair troubles can be remedied. Read through the list here, choose which 3 preparations you would like FREE, and SEND THE COUPON BELOW AT ONCE.

1 HARLENE HAIR GROWER AND TONIC

"HARLENE-HAIR-DRILL" restores growth, lustre and luxuriance to impoverished hair. It simply infuses new life and vitality into each hair follicle and revives the weakened tresses. To men it restores the Well-Groomed Appearance so essential in Social and Business Life—to Women it gives that Added Allure and Attraction so rightly desired. Invaluable also for Children's hair! 1/1½, 2/9 and 4/9 per bottle.

2 CREMEX SHAMPOO

No hair can be healthy unless it is cleansed regularly and thoroughly to remove dust and deposits, etc. Shampoo with "CREMEX." Its generous dainty perfumed creamy lather is delightfully refreshing and super-cleansing. It frees the hair from every trace of Scurf and Dandruff and is most beneficial to the scalp. **FREE** Burnishing Rinse included. 1/6 per box of 7 shampoos. (Single sachets 3d. each).

3 UZON BRILLIANTINE

"UZON" gives just that final touch of distinction to the coiffure. This highly refined brilliantine gives a glossy appearance to the hair and is invaluable to those with overdry scalp. Keeps unruly hair in place and preserves that well-groomed appearance throughout the whole day. In Liquid or Solidified form. 1/1½ and 2/9 per bottle or 1/3 per tin.

MEN! You need 'Harlene.'

Baldness, thinning at the temples makes you look old and careworn. Massage 'Harlene' into your scalp for 2 minutes a day. The difference in 7 days will amaze you.

Accept our Great FREE OFFER

Send the Coupon below.

4 HARLENE WAVE SETTING LOTION

A veritable economy boon for ladies troubled with straight hair whose waves go out quickly despite constant visits to the hairdresser. Keeps the Hair in wave for long periods, and makes the waves deep and entrancingly beautiful. Protects against fog, mist, damp and even sea air. Saves £ £ £'s on Hair Waving Bills! 7½d. and 1/3 per bottle.

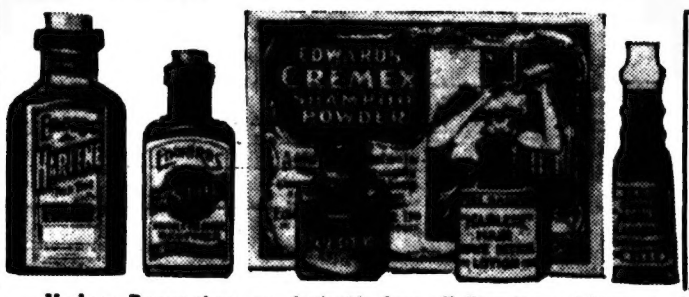
5 HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

Every lady with fair hair should at once use "HARLENE" Camomile Golden Hair Wash. This is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair, and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

6 ASTOL HAIR Colour Restorer

Grey hair is a tragedy—particularly when it can so easily be remedied. If your hair is Grey, going Grey, or discoloured, you should use "ASTOL" Hair Colour Restorer, which will quickly bring it back to a youthful Colour—making you look years younger. Equally suitable for ladies or gentlemen. 1/9, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

Choose Your THREE & Get Them FREE



Post this SAMPLE COUPON

On receipt of this Coupon and fourpence in stamps to cover the cost of postage and packing, a selection of any 3 "Harlene-Hair-Drill" samples and a Manual of Instructions will be sent to any address in the United Kingdom. *Attach Coupon to a plain sheet of paper bearing your Name and Address and state which numbers are required.*

EDWARDS HARLENE LTD. (H. 9/5), 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., LONDON, W.C.1.

Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

This offer does not apply to Irish Free State.

Harlene Preparations are obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct on receipt of price, Post Free, within the British Isles.

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A 130